The Outlook

DECEMBER 11, 1918

Offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS TO CONGRESS

On Monday, December 2, the President in person gave his annual Message to Congress. The Senate and the House gathered in the chamber of the House of Representatives to receive it. In addition there was a distinguished audience, including members of the Supreme Court, the Diplomatic Corps, and executive officers of the Government. The main portion of the address was devoted to a review of American achievements in the war and to a discussion of some of our international duties and domestic problems resulting from the war. Only about one-eighth of the address was devoted to the President's European visit as the head of the American Peace Delegation.

It is quite clear that the doubts, anxieties, and criticisms which have been expressed in the press have reached the President's ear. He alluded to the fear that Government control of the Atlantic cables might interfere with the free expression of opinion regarding the negotiation of the treaty of peace. We said last week that the control of the means of communication gave the President power, whether he had the intention or not of exercising it, to censor the news from Versailles. It is only just, therefore, that we should give his actual words as to this phase of his great and important journey:

> I shall be in close touch with you and with affairs on this side of the water, and you will know all that I do. At my request the French and English Governments have absolutely removed the censorship of cable news which until within a fortnight they had maintained, and there is now no censorship whatever exercised at this end, except upon attempted trade communications with enemy countries. It has been necessary to keep an open wire constantly available between Paris and the Department of State, and another between France and the Department of War. In order that this might be done with the least possible interference with the other uses of the cables, I have temporarily taken over the control of both cables in order that they may be used as a single system. I did so at the advice of the most experienced cable officials, and I hope that the results will justify my hope that the news of the next few months may pass with the utmost freedom and with the least possible delay from each side of the sea to the other.

We comment more fully upon the President's European trip elsewhere in this issue. The country has accepted it and will wish him a safe journey and a happy return, with as full an accomplishment as is possible of the ideals which he has in mind.

As to international matters, the President refers to two important features that lie outside of the domain of the peace treaty. He urges the ratification of the treaty with Colombia, which involves an implied apology for the course of the United States in taking over and building the Panama Canal and an explicit payment of about twenty-five million dollars to Colombia as damages for the alleged wrong. He urges aid to Belgium and northern France both in money and in economic facilities for their incalculable work of reconstruction.

As to domestic problems he makes three important constructive suggestions.

The first is woman suffrage. After paying a fine tribute to the sacrifices and activities of American women in the war, he says: "The least tribute we can pay them is to make them the equals of men in political rights, as they have proved themselves their equals in every field of practical work they have entered, whether for themselves or for their country."

His second suggestion is that the country should undertake a very large policy of constructing public works "in order that opportunities should be created for unskilled labor in particular, and that plans should be made for such developments of our unused lands and our natural resources as we have hitherto lacked stimulation to undertake." In particular he commends the plans which Secretary Lane, of the Department of the Interior, has worked out for "the reclamation of arid, swamp, and cut-over lands, which might, if the States were willing and able to co-operate, redeem some three hundred million acres of land for cultivation." Secretary Lane believes, and the President agrees with him, that these plans would afford a fine opportunity for the energies and skill and ambition of thousands of returning American soldiers to whom the war has given a capacity and the desire for the best kind of outdoor life.

The President's third practical suggestion concerns the railways. He confesses that he has no definite plan to suggest and that Congress must therefore solve the problem. But he adds that if Congress does not take some action he will, under the discretionary powers conferred upon him, be forced to return the railways to their private owners "at a very early date." He does, however, suggest to Congress three courses which it may pursue with regard to the railways:

> I believe that it will be serviceable for me to set forth as explicitly as possible the alternative courses that lie open to our choice. We can simply release the roads and go back to the old conditions of private management, unrestricted competition, and multiform regulation by both State and Federal authorities; or we can go to the opposite extreme and establish complete control, accompanied, if necessary, by actual Government ownership; or we can adopt an intermediate course of modified private control, under a more unified and affirmative public regulation, and under such alterations of the law as will permit wasteful competition to be avoided and a considerable degree of unification of administration to be effected, as, for example, by regional corporations, under which the railways of definable areas would be in effect combined in single systems.

The general principles which govern the third course of action are those which The Outlook has for many years urged as the principles which should guide the country in its consideration of the railway problem.

A GOOD RECONSTRUCTION PROGRAMME

Scores of organizations throughout the country are debating the problems of reconstruction. So far we have seen no resolutions resulting from such debates show more common sense than those passed at a recent conference held in Rochester by the National Municipal League. Perhaps the significant feature of these resolutions is that the League is not radical and probably would not have touched such proposals two years ago. They were, however, adopted at the Rochester Conference by unanimous vote after a debate of three hours by a group of two hundred and fifty people from all over the country. The resolutions are as follows:

> During the war, as measures of necessary National efficiency, numerous matters formerly within private control passed to the control of the people. Some of these things should undoubtedly be returned promptly to private enterprise, but the American people will miss a great opportunity if they allow certain of these temporary powers to slip through their fingers in the next few months, viz.:
>
> 1. During the war the long-desired Federal Employment Service has been created, and the National Government has assumed responsibility for connecting employers and workers in the only right and efficient way. This Service should be continued, generously financed by Congress, and should be encouraged to extend its sphere to include the education of employers in modern principles of employment.
>
> 2. Corporations, particularly those doing an inter-State business, have become a great source of Federal revenue and may reasonably be expected to continue to be such. Federal control and supervision of their practices should be continued and

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extended, for they are National, not merely State-wide, in the problems they create. Effort should be made to free them from conflicting and ineffectual State regulation by a Federal incorporation procedure.

3. The Government has assumed control of railroads, telegraphs, and telephones, opening the opportunity for either Federal ownership with public or private operation or a reorganization by economical regional systems under a method of control that will protect the private capital by insuring a reasonable return, yet removing speculative and anti-social features of the private ownership of the past with its relatively feeble and negative scheme of regulation. Whichever principle is adopted is a smaller matter than that the essential features of our present control should never be relinquished.

4. The Federal Government has acquired by its merchant fleet and its War Trade Board intimate knowledge and capacity for mobilizing our resources for foreign trade. Factors which will be valuable in normal peace times should be retained.

5. The Federal Government through its Food and Fuel Administrations and its War Industries Board has acquired a command over basic resources which played a vital part in securing National efficiency. Every effort should be made to preserve the nucleus of these valuable agencies in such form and with such powers that we may achieve some part of that efficiency in peace.

6. The Federal Government has manifested grave interest and exerted its war powers to influence the cost of living and prevent profiteering. It should continue to exert its peace powers toward the same beneficent end.

7. The Federal Government has concerned itself effectively in the problem of housing industrial workers, and has placed upon a new basis of prestige and authority the American movement for garden cities and suburbs. Its interest in this aspect of the welfare of the workers and the efficiency of industry should not now lapse, but the Labor Department Bureau of Housing should be continued, and its powers broadened to include educational work and research into our vast industrial housing problems.

8. As a measure of protecting the effectiveness of its soldiers and industrial workers, the Federal Government has found it necessary to use its influence with local governments regarding moral and health conditions. Such Federal interest in local governments should not lapse, but should eventuate in the continued attack upon vice problems by the Public Health Service, and in the formation of a Federal Bureau of Municipalities in the Department of the Interior to collect and distribute information on municipal problems.

These resolutions are a striking indication of a widespread sentiment throughout the country that the best features of the war trend towards a stronger nationalism must be preserved.

THE POLITICAL PUZZLE IN GERMANY

It is difficult to judge whether or not there is in Germany a genuine and hopeful movement toward sound democratic reconstruction. In London "Punch" Mr. Bernard Partridge has one of those memorable cartoons which, like "Punch's" famous "Dropping the Pilot," cleverly emphasizes a salient point. It represents the Kaiser in his imperial robes and crown speaking to a common German citizen in peasant costume. Says the Kaiser: "Hist! The hounds of justice are upon my track. *We must change clothes.*" There are those who believe that one section of the Socialist control merely indicates a change of clothes by the old influences which rest on autocracy. There has been little of passionate revolutionary outbreak in Germany apart from the violence in seaport towns, and that comes from the rebellious state of the naval forces. The more radical section of the German Socialists, with Liebknecht at their head, undoubtedly detest the old régime and are in earnest in their desire for a Socialistic republic. The other section of the Socialists, headed by such men as Solf and Ebert, denounce this "Spartacus" group as Bolsheviki. It is hard to think of Liebknecht as a German Lenine; radical as he is, his former speeches do not smack of terrorism, and he has suffered more than any other man in Germany because of his opposition to the war and to the men responsible for it.

It is certain that there is considerable distrust among the genuine anti-imperialists in Germany as regards the men now in nominal control and the so-called Majority Socialists. We are told, however, that the latter are managing the Soldiers' and Workmen's Councils, and that the so-called Spartacus group of radicals is weak in strength and influence. It is from this latter group that come most of the denunciations of the crimes of the Kaiser and the "Potsdam Gang." Liebknecht's organ urges that the Kaiser must be brought back to Germany for trial. "Vorwärts" is outspoken in its attacks on those responsible for the war. As reported in London despatches, "Vorwärts" says:

> We have been told that Germany had no knowledge of Austria's ultimatum to Serbia. It was a lie. Berlin was said to have admonished Vienna to go slow. It was a lie. On the contrary, Berlin incited Vienna.
>
> In the course of his proclamation William II declared, "In the midst of peace we are attacked by the enemy." A base, impudent, bottomless, shameless lie.
>
> And does this band of mass murderers, who in the progress of the revolution and through the generosity of the German people managed to escape unhurt, really still believe it can once more establish its blood-stained, lie-bedecked rule?

The publication in Bavaria of despatches which were sent to Munich in July, 1914, by the Bavarian representative at Berlin goes far to show that Germany, through its Foreign Office, was planning in advance with Vienna war with Russia, and consequently with France. The present Bavarian Prime Minister, Eisner, has charged Solf, Scheidemann, and others who are active in the existing German Government with intrigue at present and with responsibility for the war. He speaks freely of "Berlin intrigue" and declares: "What Berlin requires is that the masses rise and create a new government inspiring confidence. Till that happens Munich will be the leading place in Germany. We can no longer trust ourselves to the criminal activities of a small group of men who tremble for their existence." Bavaria in many ways has shown genuine hostility to Prussian control, and here at least is one indication of the falling to pieces of the old autocratic imperial rule.

It is now admitted that neither the Kaiser nor his heir signed formal acts of abdication and renunciation before their flight. This is still true of the Crown Prince; in that fact some observers see evidence of a desire to keep a road open for the return to power of the Hohenzollerns. The Kaiser himself has signed what is called an act of renunciation, which renounces the Kaiser's rights to the crowns of Prussia and the German Empire and releases all military officers from their oath of fidelity. He urges in somewhat ambiguous terms that "until a new organization of the German Empire exists they aid those who effectively hold the power in Germany to protect the German people against the menacing dangers of anarchy, famine, and foreign domination."

Evidently no honestly representative government can obtain recognition from the Allies until it has behind it the authority of a National Assembly which truly represents the whole people. Both political factions talk of a National Assembly, but no definite date or plans for an election have been fixed.

THE RETURN HOME OF THE SOLDIERS

Demobilization of our forces at home and abroad, in so far as it is now wise and possible, is proceeding systematically but necessarily slowly. Naturally those men or units who were lately called to the colors or whose service is of a special kind now not at all likely to be needed are the first to be released. Thus the immense transport Mauretania last week landed some four thousand American soldiers who were for the most part training in air camps in England. Their arrival in New York was greeted with immense popular enthusiasm, while regrettably little attention was paid to the arrival on the same day, on another steamship, of 1,100 of our wounded who had fought and suffered for their country. This was due partly to bad arrangement and partly to the fact that public interest centered on the first return of a large body of troops, with perhaps also a desire to show the feeling that men who were, through no fault of theirs, not actually in battle are fully entitled to enthusiastic recognition and praise.

Abroad three divisions have been named for early return to this country, and others are believed to be selected. It is probable, even if all goes well with the peace negotiations, that from eight to ten months would be required to transport all our forces. An interesting and reasonable proposal is that the great

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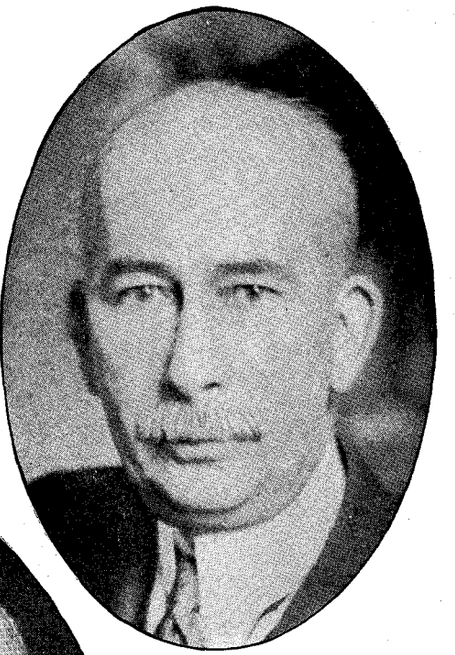
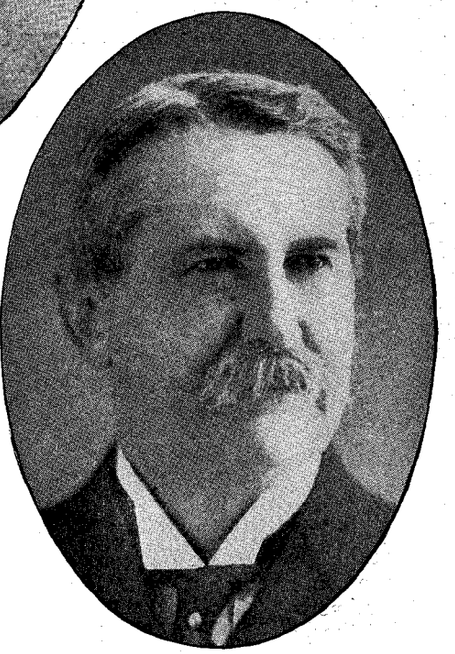
ROBERT LANSING



COLONEL E. M. HOUSE

PRESIDENT WILSON

GENERAL TASKER H. BLISS



HENRY WHITE

AMERICAN DELEGATES TO THE PEACE CONFERENCE

Two of the delegates are younger and two older than President Wilson; two of these were born in the South, two in the North. President Wilson was born in Virginia in 1856; Robert Lansing, Secretary of State, was born in 1864 in New York; Colonel House, who has held no official position but has been a close friend of the President and his personal representative on several missions, was born in Texas in 1858; General Bliss, representative of the United States in the Supreme War Council in France, was born in Pennsylvania in 1853; Henry White, Ambassador to Italy and France under President Roosevelt, was born in Maryland in 1850. Colonel House and Mr. Lansing are Democrats; Mr. White is credited to the Republican party; the party affiliation of General Bliss is not stated

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German passenger ships now in German ports, such as the Imperator (mate of the Leviathan) should be used to bring our troops home and to take back any food supplies allotted to Germany.

Meanwhile American troops are in German territory as part of the great Army of Occupation. They entered the ancient city of Treves on December 1. They are reported to be acting in a businesslike, soldierly, and disciplined manner.

From the many cantonments in the United States the release of men is going steadily forward and is increasing daily. The Students' Army Training Corps in the colleges is also being dissolved as a strictly military body, and the colleges are busy readjusting their courses and organization to the new situation. One wishes that the plan might in some way be utilized in universal military training, but that principle has yet to be adopted by Congress, long as it has been urged by men of wisdom and patriotism.

A LETTER TO SOLDIERS AT HOME

Thousands of men in our Army and Navy encampments who eagerly desired to take an active part in the war for freedom have been disappointed by the abrupt termination of that war. It would not be unnatural if these men wondered if their sacrifice in submitting to the routine of camp life had not been in vain. We learn that General Leonard Wood has written the following letter to every man in his command who is retiring from the Army in the process of demobilization. General Wood, we think, has expressed the feeling of the entire country towards its soldiers and sailors who have not been called overseas:

1. In the performance of military duty to one's country in time of war it is not for the citizen called to the colors to select the kind of service to be done by him. One who has willingly and loyally responded to the call to arms and who has put his best efforts, mental and physical, into the training, and performed all military duties required of him to the best of his ability, standing ready always to make the supreme sacrifice of life itself, if need be, has done all that a good citizen and soldier could do to insure the successful prosecution of the war.

2. Although I appreciate how keenly you feel the disappointment of your failure to secure duty overseas in the actual battle area, I know you rejoice together with all Americans in the prospect of a righteous and just peace imposed upon the enemy and the termination of the terrible conflict which has involved the whole civilized world. You have done your best. You have cheerfully and loyally discharged the clear duty of every citizen in time of war, and your work has been a part of the great National effort which has aided in securing a victorious peace.

3. You are discharged from the Army because your services are no longer required in the present emergency. You will return to your place in civil life all the better for the training you have had, and I feel sure you will take with you a better and higher appreciation of the obligations of citizenship, including the obligation of every man to be trained, prepared, and ready to render service to the Nation in war as well as in peace.

LIFE AND DEATH

In two cases of men condemned to death for murder Governors of States have recently commuted the capital sentences to imprisonment for life. In both cases there has been strong expression of dissatisfaction on the part of the public. If the convicted man is really guilty, it is said, the law should take its course; if there is real doubt of his guilt, it is wrong that he should be condemned to a fate which to some minds is worse than death. If, it is further argued, the reason for the commutation of sentence is not based on the question of guilt or innocence, the natural conclusion is that capital punishment is in itself so abhorrent that the laws providing it as a punishment for murder should be changed.

In the case of Paul Chapman, Governor Whitman, of New York, expressly says that there is little doubt as to guilt. In this case the real element which has called out popular dissatisfaction at the sentence is the youth of the boy Paul at the time when the crime was committed. He was only sixteen years of age at that time, and the fatal act itself was not committed by his hand.

However opinions may differ (and they did differ) as to the weight of the evidence upon which the boy was convicted, there is practically no dissent in the belief that so young and immature a lad, with character yet unfixed, should not be put out of existence as might be the most hardened and atrocious of ruffians. In Paul Chapman's case even the life sentence also was deprecated, although it was pointed out that in the State of New York after twenty years such a sentence comes up automatically for review and that in all probability the life sentence was really equivalent to one for twenty years.

The case of Walter Mooney in California is totally different. Mooney himself has declared that he would prefer death to spending a life sentence. But the real issue in this case is not what the convicted man feels, nor—strange as it may seem—is it really whether he is actually guilty or not. The one issue at the bottom of the agitation is whether or not Mooney was honestly tried and justly convicted; or whether his trial was so unfair and so vitiated by false testimony that he is morally, if not legally, entitled to a new trial. Efforts to obtain a new trial for him failed largely because of legal technicalities, and because the essential injury done to him at his trial was not such as could be considered by the final court of appeal.

Mooney was accused of having taken part in the explosion of a clockwork bomb during the Preparedness Parade in San Francisco in July, 1916. Several bystanders were killed. The crime was an atrocious one, whoever committed it. Mooney was convicted largely on circumstantial evidence, and with him was convicted a man named Billings. Later Mrs. Mooney and a man named Weinberg were tried and acquitted. It is probable that the acquittal of the last-named persons was due to the fact that the prosecution was forced to omit from its list of witnesses against these two prisoners three persons who had testified in the trials of Mooney and Billings, but who were later so discredited before the public that their evidence was generally regarded as either perjured or woefully mistaken. It is claimed, with a good deal of reason, that neither Mooney nor Billings could possibly have been convicted except for the very testimony which was lacking in the cases presented against the persons acquitted.

The most striking instance as to this doubtful testimony was that of a man named Oxman, whose evidence was of material weight against Mooney. After Mooney was convicted letters undoubtedly written by Oxman were published. In them Oxman offered money to a man named Rigall to go to San Francisco from Illinois and to give dictated testimony, all of which was absolutely false, and in its intention murderous.

That a man should be executed or consigned to lifelong imprisonment on a trial vitiated by the testimony of a man capable of such criminal practices seems almost beyond belief. Oxman's own testimony in the case of Walter Mooney was attacked as perjury. Yet the courts of California, because of their view of the due course of legal proceedings, found themselves unable to grant a new trial. A Federal Industrial Commission reported to the President of the United States that there was danger of gross injustice being done in this case, and more than once President Wilson has urged the California authorities to interfere, if possible, to prevent injustice.

Mooney may be the worst scoundrel on earth. But that is not the question. The question is, Did he have a fair trial and was he proved guilty of the act for which he was tried?

Either the laws of California should be so altered as to make it possible to afford a second trial in a case like this or something more like substantial justice should be substituted for execution than confinement for life.

A GREAT PLAYWRIGHT

On a certain evening in 1897 a Paris audience awaited the production of a new play with more impatience and received it with greater enthusiasm than had been noticeable in any audience since Corneille produced his "Cid" in 1636, and in 1830 when Victor Hugo produced his "Hernani."

The play was by a young man who, whenever possible, fled the Paris boulevards for his home at Cambo, in the Pyrenees. This was Edmond Rostand, who has just died. He was born in 1868 at Marseilles.

He was educated to become a lawyer. But he could not help

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Thomas in the Detroit News

IN DUTCH

A COLD RECEPTION TO A FUGITIVE

Cassel in the New York Evening World

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BRINGING JOHN BULL TO HIS KNEES

A BURDEN THAT HE DOESN'T MIND CARRYING

Bronstrup in the San Francisco Chronicle

HUMPTY-DUMPTY

SHATTERED BEYOND REPAIR

Morris in the Brooklyn Citizen

THE SHADES—"YOU BUNGLER!"

HE DESTROYED THEIR WORK

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writing verse. In 1890 he published his first volume of poems. He had also turned his attention to drama. His first play was a failure. Even his second, "Les Romanesques"—a romantic comedy in which we may detect the combined influence of Shakespeare and Musset—had to wait for production three years after its acceptance, and then was received with indifference. But it was enough of a success to classify Rostand as "a humorous writer who could never write anything but comedy"! Meanwhile he wrote "La Princesse Lointaine," a dramatization of the story of a troubadour's love for a lady whom he had never seen. Rostand was fortunate enough to obtain Sarah Bernhardt's permission to have the play read by him at her house. She invited Constant Coquelin to hear it. The effect was prodigious. Madame Bernhardt accepted the piece and played in the title rôle. And Coquelin said to Rostand: "I bind myself here and now to take any play you write in which there is a part for me, *without reading it*, and to produce the piece with the least possible delay."

But, as "La Princesse Lointaine" was not a merry play, it disappointed critics. Rostand, in revolt, decided that he would write a still more serious piece. Thereupon he produced a modern revival of a mediæval miracle play and called it "La Samaritaine." The playwright won. The piece was a success.

During all these years, even as a child, Rostand had been carrying in his head the *motif* of "Cyrano de Bergerac." Cyrano was best known on account of his enormous nose, any sharp criticism of which would be followed by a duel. Rostand's "Cyrano" attracted more attention than had any play in two generations. One may criticise it as one will, finding in it an overstraining after effect and a lack of the deeper views of life, but nevertheless the play stands its own as a great effort of the French genius.

Then followed "L'Aiglon." The name, "The Little Eagle," was taken from Napoleon's use of the eagle as his symbol, and the piece dramatized the pathetic career of his little son. Here again Rostand's instinct showed him at once a skillful playwright and a real poet. This piece was also a great success, and one also for Madame Bernhardt, who played the principal part.

Finally came "Chantecler." The play was written at Cambo, and was inspired by its pastoral surroundings. Speaking of this, Rostand once said:

> I had gone for a walk. I had occasion to stop at a farmhouse, and, while I waited in the yard, my eyes were attracted by a blackbird hopping about in a cage. A cock entered. Noticing the sudden attitude of the blackbird, I said to myself, "He is most certainly poking fun at the cock. Does the cock see it? If so, what does he think of it?" That was the origin of "Chantecler"—a comedy among the animals.

"Chantecler" recalled Aristophanes's "Birds," that satire on Athenian ambition and gullibility. Not a human being played as such on the stage. Every performer was either a bird or an animal. The transformation of players into dogs, cocks, chicks, ducks, pheasants, woodpeckers, owls, butterflies, certainly proved an amazing change from what the stage had ordinarily given. And all these feathery and furry folk delivered lines now humorous and now heart-moving. The play revealed French characteristics; Rostand eulogized some and ridiculed others.

As may be supposed, such a play was almost impossible to produce. The lover of literature will always prefer to read rather than to see it. Particularly was this felt when the play, translated, came to America. No translation could have reproduced the delicate puns which made up much of its humor. The title rôle was essayed by Miss Maude Adams. Her compelling charm lies in the fact that she is the most feminine of actresses. Here she attempted the most masculine of characterizations. Yet even so, she was an alluring type of masquerading femininity.

THE DRUG HABIT: CHINA

Last winter we received a communication from a missionary in Szechuan, the westernmost province of China. He said, among other things:

> Opium may be routed out of coast cities or those places easily accessible by steam navigation and comfortable travel, but here, where we have no steam and where travel is not comfortable, it still grows, is exported—at least from place to place in this wide territory—and is eaten or smoked in large quantities. . . . For a few years it has been kept under cover somewhat, but within the last year it is openly offered for sale to coolies and travelers on the road out here. Indeed, one of the circumstances which makes sedan-chair travel now so troublesome here is that one must take men addicted to the opium curse and who must be given so much time each day to stop for their pipes.

The missionary wrote from one of the cities of the province. He added:

> Attempts are made to smuggle opium into the city by all means of which the cunning Chinese minds can think. It is hidden in their hair, ears, mouth, sewed up in their ragged clothing, mixed up in bags of rice or other grain, and inserted into the various parts of saddles; or it may be that a missionary's servant has secreted some hundreds of dollars' worth in his master's belongings, knowing that it has the better chance to get through because a foreigner's goods are not searched by the officials.

The opium-fields spread beyond Szechuan. Last summer another missionary in China—he was on the coast—wrote:

> The cultivation of opium seems to be on the increase in several of the provinces. The probability is that the officials, great and small, are bribed to permit it, and such central government as there is simply pays no attention to it. The fact is that there is no responsible government in this country.

As a witness to the still further spread of opium we now have a letter from a more recent observer in Siberia and China which says:

> The drug situation . . . was brought to my notice in Vladivostok and Tientsin and wherever troops are stationed in the East.

Thus since the outbreak of the war the great anti-opium movement in China has been allowed to disintegrate. It is necessary that the world significance of this should be brought to the attention of all nations. And it is specially necessary that the attention of China in particular should be turned to her duty if her good name is to endure. Fortunately, it looks as if her new President may save his country from the disgrace which his predecessor threatened to inflict upon her.

Just before the war broke out an International Opium Conference met at The Hague for the purpose of putting the treaty agreed upon in 1912 into effect. The war interfered. Now that it is ended, all the nations should ratify that treaty. America has done so, and, moreover, has put into effect domestic legislation to control and check the drug traffic. This was the achievement of the late Dr. Hamilton Wright, who, as delegate to the Shanghai Commission in 1909 and to the later Hague Conferences, had the opium campaign in charge for our Government. Some three months ago Mrs. Wright made a personal appeal to the Chinese Government at Peking. It now announces its forthcoming destruction of some $14,000,000 worth of opium.

THE DRUG HABIT: AMERICA

When we speak of the drug habit in America, we are apt to think only of opium or cocaine. And yet there is another deadly drug that is attacking the lives and morals of men and women on this continent.

The drug is peyote, and the men and women are Indians.

Peyote is obtained from the roots of a cactus (of which it is the Indian name) known to botanists as *Anhalonium Lewinii*. The narcotic drug thus obtained produces results upon the user somewhat analogous to those produced by opium. We quote from some vouched-for statements in the files of the Department of the Interior:

> My name is Pa-na-ro. I am a Lipan-Apache; I live five miles northeast of Indiahoma, Oklahoma, on my own allotment. I am about fifty-seven years old. . . . I first ate peyote in Mexico. . . . It was used as a medicine at first. . . . It is called mescal-peyote in Mexico; here in Oklahoma it is called peyote sometimes, and sometimes mescal. When I was sixteen years old, I ate forty peyote beans at a feast and was crazy for two days. I ran off to the mountains naked, and was caught and tied up with a lariat. I have the marks of the lariat on my body yet.

Here is another:

> I am a full-blood Comanche Indian, fifty-one years old. . . . I used peyote. . . . I have also drunk whisky to excess, and I

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know the effects of peyote . . . on the mind are worse than those of whisky. . . . At our peyote, or mescal, feasts all of us chewed the same ball or quid of peyote, and if one of the men had consumption he chewed it and passed it to the next man in the circle just the same as if he was well, and then the next man chewed it. . . . I have seen the effects of peyote . . . and I know it to be a curse, and I wish we might be saved from it.

And another—this time from a woman:

I am about half-blood Comanche. . . . After my first baby was born I was told by the peyote-men that peyote was good for babies, so I took my baby to the mescal or peyote feast when it got sick, and the peyote-men spat in its mouth to cure it; but they did not cure my baby. My baby died a few weeks later. I have had eight children, but the five older ones died in childhood or infancy. Those born since I quit using peyote are living and are in good health. I never ate more than four peyote beans during the night or day of a peyote feast. After I had eaten that many the faces of those people around me looked strange. . . . My husband . . . was using peyote at the same time I was, but he quit it the same time I did. We saw there was no good in it, but bad.

The drug was in use long before the Spaniards came to Mexico. It is now used ceremonially and medicinally (for it has some medical uses, as opium has) by the Apache, Arapahoe, Cheyenne, Comanche, Kiowa, Omaha, Osage, Winnebago, and other tribes. It is sapping nervous energy and will power. It is a dire reminder of debased superstition.

Can nothing be done to deal with this situation? The Department of Agriculture has prohibited the importation of peyote into the United States as an article injurious to the health of the people. The Post Office Department has excluded it from the mails as a poison. A few States have passed prohibitory laws. But beyond these measures we have no means of stamping out its use.

The present session of Congress, the "short session," should be long enough for the passage of an anti-peyote bill similar in its provisions to the Anti-Opium Bill of 1915.

CLEVELAND CADY FROST

Readers of The Outlook know the valuation that this journal places upon the unique work of Berea College, Kentucky, under the direction of its President, William Goodell Frost. Dr. Frost and the institution which he has developed have had an incalculable influence upon the rapidly growing educational aspirations of the mountain regions of Kentucky and Tennessee, which have long been isolated from the various impulses of modern American civilization. The war has brought a loss to Berea which can hardly be measured because it was in one sense a potential loss. Lieutenant Cleveland Cady Frost, the third son of President Frost, was killed last September during an attack of a German submarine which torpedoed the transport Ticonderoga. The transport was carrying over a great load of horses and men for field artillery, one hundred and twenty-five of the men being under Lieutenant Frost's command. Lieutenant Frost was only a little over twenty-two years of age, and was graduated from Yale in 1917. He had done much exploring work in the mountain region of Kentucky, and was planning to become a special aid of his father, President Frost, in the educational projects of Berea.

In April, 1917, at our request, Lieutenant Frost, while still an undergraduate at Yale, although at that time in the training corps, wrote a delightful article for The Outlook on "Traveling on Horseback" in the Kentucky mountains. This sketch showed not only a knowledge of and sympathy with horses, but also with human kind—a sympathy which was significant of his later achievements, for he went into the artillery, where he was very successful in his handling both of horses and of men. Speaking in this article of the Kentucky mountains, the young author said:

The horse is indeed the only means of travel. The natives never *learn* to ride. That acquirement is inevitable, and comes before memory begins. A group of incredulous mountaineers watched with amazement a New Yorker's struggle to mount his horse, asking, in consternation, "Well, whur on earth d'ye reckon he's raised?" So necessary is the horse to their very existence that an old mother once complained of the law's severity in sending her son to the "pen" for manslaughter, contending, "Ye know, hit warn't like es though he'd stol'd a hoss!"

It is with considerable hesitation that a lover of these mountains and their people proclaims the quiet joys of horseback travel among them. They are a final sanctuary from pressing vacation crowds, and one may find the world well lost in the pleasures of leafy trails and loitering creeks.

The untimely death of Lieutenant Frost is not merely a personal loss to his family, but deprives the mountain region, which he so much loved, of a friend who would have grown into a rare sort of companion and helper.

RECONSTRUCTION IN ASIATIC TURKEY

Reconstruction in what has been Asiatic Turkey is of peculiar importance, for the region is really the key to the Old World. It controls the sea routes to India, China, Japan, and Australia. It controls the best land route from Europe to the Far East. It also controls those routes used from time immemorial between the empires of northern Africa and those of the Mesopotamian plains.

Reconstruction in Turkey is also of economic significance, for its great natural resources are almost untouched. They must be developed. The survivors of the massacres and the four million refugees who have been driven out of their homes by the Turks during the past three years must be shown how to bring about this development. They must be helped materially and morally. In particular the women must be enabled to support themselves. The orphans must be taught agricultural and industrial methods. But first of all the starved, abused bodies of men, women, and children must be restored as much as possible by food and medical care. And the crazed minds, darkened by dreadful memories, must be awakened to new hope.

Accordingly, the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief had been planning to send a Commission to rehabilitate western Asia when war should cease. This Commission was organized before the armistice was signed, and, with the full co-operation of all the Governments concerned, it is preparing to sail as soon as transportation conditions permit.

Its Chairman is Dr. James L. Barton, formerly President of Euphrates College, at Harput in Asia Minor; he is familiar with the Turkish language and Turkish people, and at present is Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Among other members are Professor E. C. Moore, of Harvard University, and Dr. W. W. Peet, for thirty-five years resident in Constantinople, where he has been treasurer of various American educational and philanthropic enterprises. This Commission expects to secure one or more Government transports or colliers on which it will send from one hundred to three hundred experienced American doctors, nurses, orphanage workers, teachers, agricultural experts and farm tractor operators, civil and sanitary engineers, mechanics, and other technically trained men and women to assist in reconstruction. Many of these workers have already been selected from among teachers, doctors, and nurses who were formerly resident in Turkey.

Dr. George Washburn, a grandson of Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, one of the founders of Robert College, at Constantinople, and a son of the late President Washburn, of the same institution, born in Constantinople, and now a leader in the medical profession of America, will take the leadership of a medical unit to accompany the Commission or follow with medical supplies as soon as practicable. Some volunteers have already offered to serve without compensation; it is believed that a considerable number will thus give their services. Where necessary, however, moderate compensation will be provided.

This work of reconstruction in Asiatic Turkey, a primitive region, will, of course, far outrun any Syrian or Armenian boundaries. Indeed, the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief has long devoted its services not only to Armenia and Syria but to all the peoples who have suffered by the barbarities practiced by the Turks and the Germans.

The coming endeavor is, of course, beset with great difficulties. But these very difficulties will call out the utmost powers of those who are fortunate enough to try to solve them on the ground.

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THE PRESIDENT'S ABSENCE

THE question whether the President should go to Europe is no longer a subject for public discussion. It was one for him to decide; he has decided it, and not long after this paper reaches our readers he will be in Europe. It must be assumed that his motives are patriotic, that he believes that no one can represent the country abroad in this critical hour of world history so well as he can represent it, for the simple reason that he cannot confer upon any delegate whom he might appoint the European reputation, and therefore the European influence, which as the Nation's Chief he can exert at the Peace Congress. The Constitution lays upon him certain duties at home: to give to Congress information of the state of the Union, to recommend for their consideration such measures as he may deem expedient, to receive ambassadors, to take care that the laws are faithfully executed, to appoint all United States officers, and to pass upon all laws which Congress may enact. But it also lays upon him duties to be performed by him or his appointees abroad: the duty to act as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, and to negotiate treaties, subject to the approval of the Senate. He may well have thought that the latter class of duties are at this juncture more important than the former class, and that he cannot advantageously fulfill them while remaining three thousand miles away from the field of war and of negotiation. For it must not be forgotten that as yet no peace has been declared between the Allies and the Central Powers.

But if it is for the President to determine where, in the present crisis, his duty lies, it is for the people, through Congress, to determine what shall be done in the absence of the President to secure the due and prompt performance of those home duties which the Constitution devolves upon him. The Constitution provides that in case of the death, resignation, or inability of the President to discharge the duties of his office, they shall devolve upon the Vice-President. It does not in terms provide how the question shall be determined whether the President is unable to perform his duties. We have no doubt that the duty of determining that question devolves upon Congress, and this opinion is confirmed by the explicit provision of the Constitution that "the Congress may by law provide for the case of removal, death, resignation, or inability, both of the President and Vice-President."

Two resolutions have been introduced into Congress, one in the House, the other in the Senate, both from Illinois. Senator Sherman's resolution seems to imply that the inability of the President is permanent, that by going abroad he has vacated his office. This resolution seems to us to be preposterous. That introduced by Representative Rodenberg explicitly provides that the inability is temporary, and will be removed by the President's return to America. We can see no reason for doubting that it is a temporary disability only, and will be removed by the President's return. Though there are, so far as we know, no legal precedents to determine the action of Congress in this matter, we cannot doubt that it is its Constitutional power to declare the President unable to perform his home duties while away from the country. We think the terms of the preamble to the resolutions introduced in the Senate and in the House give abundant reasons for affirming that the President's absence does involve such inability. And we think it will be wise for Congress now to confer on the Vice-President the power to perform the duties of the President until the President returns.

For, if conditions are critical abroad, they are also critical at home. If it is impossible to overrate the importance of our international action at this time, it is very easy to underrate the importance of our domestic legislation, and we do not think that the country should be without an Executive head, able to act promptly in case of necessity.

Since no treaties are valid unless they are approved by the Senate, and since the Senate cannot intelligently act if it has no other information than such as is furnished to it by the newspapers on the one hand and by the President's official communications on the other, it is unfortunate that the President did not appoint two Senators, one from each of the two great parties, as delegates to the Peace Congress. Since he has not done so, the Senate will act wisely if it appoints a committee of Senators containing an equal number of representatives of each of the two great parties to attend the Peace Conference and bring home for the information and guidance of the Senate such facts as it has gathered, not only respecting the acts of the Conference, but also respecting European conditions and European public opinion. It is true that such a committee will have no official standing in the Conference. It is true that there is some awkwardness in thus frankly avowing to the European peoples that the Senate does not consent to the seeming assumption of autocratic authority by the President. But these disadvantages are insignificant as compared with the very great disadvantage which would inevitably follow if the President should negotiate a treaty with the European Powers and the Senate should either refuse to confirm it, feel itself compelled to confirm it against its own better judgment, or should make its confirmation a purely perfunctory act.

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS

THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF THE IDEA

To many Americans the proposal for a League of Nations seems to be novel. Even some journals which are intelligent report it as the child of some favorite contemporary statesman. In fact, it is a growth from seeds planted in the thoughts of men from very early ages. The horrors of war have always been realized by those who have suffered from war, and ill-defined hopes of deliverance have always been entertained by poets and prophets and found expression in literature. The earliest proposal by a practical statesman of a definite plan for such a League is probably that of the Duc de Sully, the Minister of Henry IV, a scheme which has since been known as the "Grand Design of Henry IV of France." It included the creation of a "Great General Council" of commissioners from fifteen Powers, with a system of minor councils from which appeals could be made to the General Council, which should have jurisdiction of all questions arising among the states, the Council's decrees to be binding upon all and to be enforced by the combined military strength contributed by each state in the confederation. Twenty years later Émeric Crucée, the French publicist, formulated a more comprehensive scheme to include all civilized nations and to cover all disputes among them. The suggestion that freedom of trade among nations would be an aid to peace was one feature of Crucée's plan. Seventy years later William Penn proposed a Parliament of Nations to which all questions should be submitted and its decisions enforced, the expenses of enforcement and damages to be exacted from the disobedient state. Thirty-six years later, in 1729, the Abbé de St. Pierre, subsequent to the peace of Utrecht, proposed an International Grand Assembly to which plenipotentiaries should be sent. Each state was to renounce the right of making war and to agree to submit to the arbitration of all disputes between nations by the Grand Assembly. In 1769, Jean Jacques Rousseau proposed a Permanent International Parliament or Diet, representing the "Irrevocable Alliance" of states, guaranteeing the perpetuation of national conditions then prevailing. He was perhaps the first one to suggest distinctly a confederation. "If," he said, "there be any practicable means of avoiding these evils [of war], they must be sought for in the establishment of a confederation by which distinct communities may be united together in the same manner as the individual members of a particular state are now united in one society."

This idea of a confederation, practically adopted by the American colonies in their Articles of Confederation, was in 1786 urged by Jeremy Bentham, the English philosopher, who added the then novel suggestion of reduction of armaments and the emancipation of all colonies. He regarded colonial possessions as by far the most frequent cause of war. It is an interesting and curious fact that this developing idea of a League of Nations was carried still further by Immanuel Kant, the great German philosopher, in 1795, one hundred and nineteen years before the German war to establish a German domination of the world. Kant proposed as a governing body a Permanent International Congress, insisted that every adhering state should

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be republican in form, advocated a world citizenship in addition to a national citizenship, proposed that every citizen should participate by his representatives in the exercise of legislative power, and especially in the consideration of the question of peace and war, and pointed out clearly that to secure a world peace nations must relinquish something of their sovereignty. By the middle of the nineteenth century these suggestions began to take effect. At the suggestion of Elihu Burritt, the "Learned Blacksmith," an International Congress of the Friends of Peace convened at Brussels in the interest of universal brotherhood and international arbitration. Eight years later a Congress of seven nations was held in Paris which passed rules respecting the rights of neutral vessels and neutral goods on enemy vessels during war, rules which were afterwards signed by other nations and have since been practically universally adopted.

The present movement in America for a Permanent League of Nations may be said to date from the summer of 1895. In that year Mr. Albert K. Smiley had invited something like a hundred gentlemen and ladies from different parts of the country to meet at his hotel at Lake Mohonk in New York State to consider the question what could be done to promote international arbitration as a substitute for war. And since that first invitation this Arbitration Conference has been held every year until the outbreak of the present world war. It was popularly called a Peace Conference, but Mr. Smiley was always careful to explain at every annual session that it was not a Peace Conference, that his object in calling it was to see whether by a free interchange of opinions by thoughtful men it might not be possible to discover some better method of securing justice among the nations than the method of war. Rarely, if ever, did an annual session pass without the presence of and a paper or address from some important member of either the Army or the Navy. Often both branches of the military service were represented at these conferences. And while these representatives always recognized the necessity of being prepared for war in the present stage of civilization, none were more eager than they to find a substitute.

At the first session of this Conference, in 1895, Edward Everett Hale made a notable speech. He pointed out the distinction between a board of arbitration and a court of justice. The board of arbitration is organized after the controversy has arisen and the passions of the contending parties are aroused. It is composed of representatives of the two contending parties in equal proportions, with an umpire to preside and to cast the deciding vote in case of an equal division. Its result is almost invariably a compromise. A court of justice is organized as a permanent body without any reference to special controversies which have arisen or may arise. It is composed of men selected for their judicial temper and their freedom from any interest in the controversy. And their object is, not to secure peace by a compromise, but justice by an impartial and righteous decision.

The conservative and rational spirit which animated this Arbitration Conference increased both its numbers and its influence. It came to have representatives, appointed by Chambers of Commerce, in most of the principal cities of the country. They brought to Lake Mohonk reports of the public sentiment of their communities and carried back from Lake Mohonk the ideas and ideals which had been presented, some of them doubtless impracticable, but many of them furnished by men of practical experience in public affairs. And when in 1899 the First Hague Conference met, called by the Czar of Russia largely for a different purpose, the scheme of an International Permanent Court was approved and steps were taken toward its organization.

In a democracy like that of America the people discuss the questions of National and international policies, not only through the press and through personal conversations, but also through conferences called into existence for this educational purpose. And when through these discussions the public opinion is formed in support of any specific policy, Congress discovers the fact and formulates that policy in National legislation. Following the organization of the International Arbitration Conference at Lake Mohonk and the action at the Second Hague Conference providing for a Permanent Court of Arbitral Justice, four voluntary societies were organized, animated by the desire to substitute the appeal to reason for the appeal to force, but devoting themselves to different aspects of the questions necessarily involved in any such radical reconstruction of international relationships. In 1910 a company of lawyers and publicists founded the American Society for the Judicial Settlement of International Disputes. In 1912 the American Institute of International Law was founded, its membership being largely confined to lawyers and publicists. In 1915 a World Court League was organized, and a month later, in the same year, a League to Enforce Peace. The latter, with ex-President Taft as its permanent Chairman and President, and A. Lawrence Lowell, of Harvard University, as the Chairman of its Executive Committee, formulated a definite programme, which has been largely accepted by the press and by the public, not only of America, but also of England, France, and Italy, as furnishing a clear and definite plan well worthy of consideration and debate. Similar Leagues have since been formed in Belgium, Paris, and Great Britain. What was in 1895 a somewhat vague hope of moralists and reformers has become in 1918 a definite plan of practical statesmen representing the Governments of several of the Great Powers. The first official approval by our Government was furnished by President Wilson in an address delivered before the League to Enforce Peace in May, 1915. In this address he said:

> So sincerely do we believe in these things that I am sure that I speak the mind and wish of the people of America when I say that the United States is willing to become a partner in any feasible association of nations formed in order to realize these objects and make them secure against violation.

To complete this history we should add that at this writing a League of Free Nations Association has just been formed in this country. It is somewhat more ambitious than its American predecessors, since it not only expresses the spirit which should animate and the principles which should guide in the formation of a League of Nations, but defines with a good deal of precision the particular methods which should be adopted. The following statement of its principles, which we extract from its pronunciamento, will serve to illustrate to our readers the distinctive characteristic of this new Association:

> A universal association of nations based upon the principle that the security of each shall rest upon the strength of the whole, pledged to uphold international arrangements giving equality of political right and economic opportunity, the association to be based upon a constitution democratic in character, possessing a central council or parliament as truly representative as possible of all the political parties in the constituent nations, open to any nation, and only such nation, whose government is responsible to the people. The formation of such an association should be an integral part of the settlement itself, and its territorial problems, and not distinct therefrom. It should prohibit the formation of minor leagues or special covenants, or special economic combinations, boycotts, or exclusions. Differences between members should be submitted to its judicial bodies. Its administrative machinery should be built up from the inter-Allied bodies already in existence, expanded into international bodies differentiated in function and democratized in constitution. The effective sanction of the association should not be alone the combined military power of the whole, used as an instrument of repression, but such use of the world-wide control of economic resources as would make it more advantageous for a state to become and remain a member of the association, and to co-operate with it, than to challenge it.

These plans, ancient and modern, differ in some important details, but in one fundamental respect they are all alike: they all assume that if the right *method* can be found that is all that is necessary to secure to the nations justice and peace. But that is not all that is necessary. Preliminary to all work of statesmen in devising methods is the development in the peoples of a supreme desire for justice and peace. This truth is very clearly presented in what is perhaps the oldest expression in literature of the hope of a day coming of universal peace. It is contained in the writings of a Hebrew poet and statesman, written probably in the eighth century before Christ:

> And it shall come to pass in the latter days, that the mountain of Jehovah's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it. And many peoples shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of Jehovah, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will

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walk in his paths: for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of Jehovah from Jerusalem. And he shall judge between the nations, and shall decide concerning many peoples: and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

A union of nations which will bring in the era of peace and justice can be secured only as the peoples recognize that there is a sovereignty above the sovereignty of the nation and a law above the laws of kings and congresses. There was a League of Nations in August, 1914, to which Germany belonged; but she abandoned it without a qualm because she recognized no sovereignty above the sovereignty of the state, no allegiance above the allegiance due to the Kaiser, and no divine law superior to her own self-will. No scheme which the Congress at Versailles can invent will be any stronger than the public conscience of the peoples behind that scheme. The disregard of this simple but fundamental principle makes the ardor of the radical who thinks that righteousness can be established by a resolution almost as great a peril to the League of Nations as the pessimism of the conservative who thinks that nothing can ever be done in the future unless there is a precedent for it in the past.

ALLY OR "ASSOCIATE"?

Three weeks ago we asked the question, "Is America an Ally?" We pointed out that in recent diplomatic exchanges and in such an important document as the armistice the phrase, "the United States *and* the Allies," is scrupulously used. If the United States is not an Ally (and our Government and the other Governments which have been represented in the Versailles Supreme Council seem so to hold), questions naturally follow as to the difference at the council table at the Versailles Congress between the Allies and their "associate," the United States.

The question, "Is the United States an Ally?" was asked with the intention of bringing out comment and information. Several of our correspondents have been kind enough to point out that the phrase, "the United States and the Allies," has, in point of fact, been constantly and purposely used by our Government. But this is merely restating what was stated in our editorial. In effect our question was, Why should the United States not be an Ally? If it is not an Ally, how does this affect our relations with our "associates"?

Other readers assert that to be an ally a nation must have signed a treaty of alliance. One irate gentleman declares that we should look at the dictionary. We have looked at the dictionary. We find this definition of the noun ally: "A state, sovereign, or chief leagued with another, as by treaty agreement, *or common action.*" (Italics ours.) We also find this definition of the verb "to ally:" "To unite by formal treaty, compact, league, or *community of interests and purposes.*" (Italics ours.)

If the country which sent two million men to Europe to aid in the common purpose of resisting a common enemy did not in a true sense ally itself with the other nations, and if the soldiers who fell side by side with the British near Cambrai and with the French at Château Thierry were not engaged in "common action" with the armies of France and Great Britain, then not merely words, but deeds, cease to mean anything. So much for the dictionary.

It is true that we have no treaty alliance with Great Britain and France as to the war, but is it straining the meaning of the word "ally" to use it of a nation which has worked and fought for those other countries which President Wilson himself described when we entered the war as "the nations with whom we have now made common cause, in whose support and by whose side we shall be fighting"?

But if we are not an Ally, who is? It will be remembered that before we entered the war, in December, 1916, President Wilson sent forth a Note, part of which was directed to the belligerent nations, part to the neutral nations, and part to those which were classed as "the ten Entente Allies." These nations were named. They were as follows: Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, Russia, Belgium, Montenegro, Portugal, Rumania, and Serbia. The same ten countries were named specifically in the joint reply of the Allies to the Central Powers. They are there also referred to as "the Entente Allies," although it does not appear certain that mutual treaties of alliance exist among all of them. Why, then, should Montenegro be an Ally and the United States not?

If the point involved in the objection to the use of the word Ally as applied to the United States is merely a technicality or a desire for precision in the use of diplomatic terms, well and good. But if the authority of America in deciding the great issues of the Peace Conference is less than or different from that of the other members of the Conference (say Portugal and Montenegro), we should all know in what respect this difference consists.

THE LADY EREMITE HOLDS FORTH CONCERNING BABIES

"I declare," cried the Lady Eremite, hotly, "I wish that women weren't such sheep!"

"Are you thinking of women as citizens, or bargain-hunters, or society belles, or what?" asked the Happy Eremite.

"I am thinking of them as mothers."

"When you have cooled off a bit, would you mind explaining in what respect they are sheep?"

"No. I'll explain even before I cool off. I am thinking of sweet young creatures with first babies, scared to death they'll hurt the little things, and following without discrimination every solemn theory that bachelor scientists can devise, like the meekest of woolly lambs. As the grandmother says in the poem, 'Thank God that babies are born tough!'"

They were sitting on the bench that bordered the four sides of the children's playground under the great hickory. It was one of those days in Indian summer, fragile and tender as a gracious old lady who has made time her servant, soft in air and color, sent by a thoughtful Deity to mitigate regret and apprehension. The Lady Eremite had escaped from the children by the ingenious device of putting the younger of the girls in charge of the baby and the elder in charge of both; and her husband had unostentatiously frustrated an attempt to combine business with pleasure by hiding the sewing-bag. They sat quietly hand in hand, luxuriously forgetting this rotary existence of reappearing chores.

The Lady's outburst was unexpected. The Happy Eremite said to himself that it was characteristic of her that her indignation should smolder for a space before bursting suddenly into flame.

"Ruth Penhallow was here this morning."

"Is she the guilty sheep? She strikes me as being rather nice."

"She's clever enough. But she always gets me hot. She thinks I'm a weak-minded, indulgent mother. As luck would have it, she descended on me to-day as I was playing with the baby, actually dancing him on my knee. I suppose it all looked to her like a fit subject for a mid-Victorian chromo. She started right in."

"Started in with what?"

"Oh, lecturing me."

The Happy Eremite looked puzzled. "Is it against the law to dance a baby on your knee?"

"Oh, my, yes! The law and the prophets. It is supposed to derange him inside in some mysterious fashion which babies themselves never seem to be aware of. But that isn't the main reason. During the first years of their lives, so the theory runs, babies are a variety of vegetable whose perceptions and emotions must be left as undisturbed as a turnip's. Babies must no longer be taken up and allowed the adventurous thrill of exploring with their eyes the four walls of their room, because exploring stimulates their brain cells, which ought to be lying dormant. Babies must no longer be cuddled, because cuddling stimulates their emotions, and emotions ought to be lying dormant."

"I see," mused the Happy Eremite, thoughtfully. "The logic is first rate if you grant the premise, but the premise strikes me as being full of holes."

"Exactly," exclaimed the Lady Eremite, emphatically. "It leaves absolutely out of consideration the one utterly important thing in any human being, the thing you can't

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wash with water or weigh on scales—the spirit, that intangible essence which will determine whether that little body when it grows up will be greeted with pleasure wherever it appears, or with indifference or detestation; whether it will be a prop in the world or a nuisance. To go on the theory that a baby may for two or three years be treated as a mere material organism, like a calf from which, when it reaches maturity, you expect nothing but milk or the power to pull a stone-boat, strikes straight at the heart of man as a being of mind and spirit, an individual in a delicate social structure. Look at Margaret Holliday's children! She followed the theorists. She kept her two boys in a darkened room, so their eyes and their 'perceptions' wouldn't be strained. She never went near them except on business, and she allowed no one else to go near them. During the first years, she said, a child must under no circumstances be stimulated. Now look at the poor things! They are almost idiots—and Margaret and her husband both are unusually clever people.

"Look at Helen Trumbull and her daughter. Helen was a martyr to other people's theories. She was a natural-born mother; she ached to make a companion of her baby from the start, and suffered because she thought she had to leave her alone. The child is fifteen now—unresponsive, cold, heartless to her mother and everybody else, and the natural affection she has inherited finds its only outlet in fussing over horses. I remember perfectly how she used to cry by the hour as a baby while Helen lay in the next room agonizing because she felt she had no right to go to her. That baby was appealing for human fellowship in the only way she knew how to appeal. There was no response. Of course she stopped crying after a while, and everybody said, 'Look! What a triumph for discipline!' She was less bother when the ordeal was over; but something in her was gone. And now it is her mother who makes the frantic appeals for sympathy and understanding, and the child who does not respond.

"Men of science have done mothers the most wonderful sort of life-saving service in giving them simple and reasonable directions for taking care of the physical welfare of their children. But the physical welfare is only half a mother's responsibility. There is an infant body, but there is also an infant spirit to help toward strength and wholesome growth. The learned men have a tendency, however, to regard the spirit as merely a sort of improved annex of the body, responsive to the same methods."

"The thing has its tragic aspects," mused the Happy Eremite.

"Tragic? I should say so!" exclaimed his Lady. "Here is Ruth Penhallow. When her baby was ten weeks old, he was responsive, just purring like a kitten when I took him up once on the sly. That's four months ago. Now he's already standoffish, and Ruth boasted to-day of his independence and inaccessibility.

"Ruth was a normal human being when she married, and wanted to be a normal mother. But along came the theorists, and she was a sheep and followed the flock, as they all do in the so-called educated class to which, I suppose, by a stretch of language, Ruth and the rest of us belong. It was hard for her to be a sheep. It is for most mothers. It is easy only for the fathers who sternly insist on 'modern methods' because it happens that 'modern methods' reduce to a minimum the interference of babies with the paternal routine. Meanwhile the body flourishes but the spirit is stunted.

"You know that I believe in discipline, and that I don't believe in making sentimental emotionalists of children. I detest mush as much as any of those so-called modern mothers do. Our children have awful faults, Heaven knows, but they are not mushy. On the other hand, they *are* keenly responsive and affectionate, and responsiveness and warmth of heart are, next to decency and respect for truth, the essentials of a social being. They are the enemies of snobbery and sectionalism and class prejudice and self-isolation of every sort. They are the qualities that underlie all progress toward democracy and lasting peace. And they are the qualities which mothers who consider themselves 'modern' and 'up-to-date' and 'conscientious'—God help them!—are doing all they can, systematically, to crush out."

"The trouble is, of course," remarked the Happy Eremite, "that the learned men who evolve all the logical theories which the mothers think they must dutifully follow to the last semicolon are not interested primarily in the one thing which you and I think is worth bothering seriously about—the human spirit. Their minds are interested in flesh and bone and tissue; ours, in thoughts, impulses, reactions, intuitions, emotions. What they want is a sound body and a sound brain, which are good things to want. But we say, Stimulate the child's spirit, give him a chance to become a natural and wholesome human being, and with reasonable care and common sense the body and brain will be his, as a matter of course."

A wail from the house brought the Lady Eremite to her feet. "There's one little human being now," she said. "Life would be wonderfully simplified if I could feel that I could in good conscience let him yell his head off. If I were a modern mother—one of the real, conscientious, scientific sheep—I should tell myself that he was yelling because of temper, inherited possibly from his father, and go on philosophizing with you. But I happen to know that he's yelling because he has a little pain which will be relieved when I take him up in my arms for a minute and lay him down again on his other side."

She was already half-way to the house.

"He'll thank you when he grows up," the Happy Eremite called to her.

"Oh, no, he won't!" she cried. "But his wife will."

THE NEXT GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS

SPEAKING in the language of political history and tradition, Massachusetts is one of the most aristocratic of the forty-eight States that compose the Union. Daniel Webster, Charles Sumner, Henry Cabot Lodge, and, above all, the Adams family, are, to the principality of which Boston is the Athens and Harvard University the Acropolis, what Washington and Madison and Monroe and Jefferson are to Virginia. All good New Englanders think of Massachusetts statesmen in terms of the Adams family. They were notable men, these Adamses who once lived among us—Samuel and John, John Quincy, Charles Francis, and Henry, who died the other day. They were able men, but they all carried with them a certain aroma of aristocracy. You feel in the presence of their names the water side of Beacon Street, old Salem, old Quincy.

Massachusetts, however, has just chosen as her chief executive a new and perhaps not less desirable type of man.

Governor-elect Calvin Coolidge is long and thin. His red hair is slightly tinged with gray. He has blue eyes and a generally immobile face. The Boston "Post" says of him: "He is not a ready hand-shaker. . . . He is not a merry fellow, hail and well met. . . . He is everything that the regular garden variety, one hundred per cent flapdoodle politician is not."

Mr. Coolidge comes of New England farmer stock. He is a man of Spartan simplicity. As has been said, his home is still that of the struggling Northampton lawyer. He is an Amherst man and a favorite son of that College. In his senior year, in competition with undergraduates from all American colleges, he won a gold medal offered by the Sons of the American Revolution for the best essay on the principles of the war for American independence. He graduated in 1895 with high honors.

Now, whatever may be alleged as to Mr. Coolidge's "finish" of manner, one thing is certain—he never does anything foolish. True, he has none of the graces of oratory. He is no such felicitous speaker as was Governor Long, for instance. He is no spellbinder like Senator-elect Walsh. But, his admirers claim, he has greater depth and steadiness than many more famous statesmen of the oratorical type. Furthermore, his speeches show a refreshing detachment from the personal element. In the recent primary and electoral campaigns his references to other candidates were few in comparison with the continual emphasis he laid on the troubles which have crept into legislation and administration in Massachusetts and on suggestions for a remedy. Thus he fastened to him the best people in all sections of the State.

It is as a writer and administrator that Mr. Coolidge shows

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his characteristics of clarity, courage, and force. He has risen by gradual process through public service to the highest level of respect and confidence. In 1899 he was elected to the City Council of Northampton. He was later chosen City Solicitor, and then Mayor. He has been a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, serving in both houses, during the last two years of that service being President of the Senate. For three terms he has been Lieutenant-Governor of the State, elected by steadily increasing pluralities. He has thus fitted himself for the duties of a Governor by specific proved capacity.

The department heads of the State administration are glad of Mr. Coolidge's election because he already understands and takes personal interest in the actual purposes, processes, and standards of their departments. Among these departments Mr. Coolidge is an expert in those which have to do with the care of the unfortunate. He wants to prevent disease, degeneracy, and ignorance, and to increase educational opportunity of every appropriate sort.

Mr. Coolidge's election is a tribute to his honesty and courage. He has not only shown these qualities as a radical in making his membership in the Legislature count towards social betterment for the State, but he has also tried to hold Massachusetts from going too fast; as he put it, "Legislation was outstripping the ability to administer." Of course men began to dub him a conservative. And doubtless he is one in the best sense of that term—a progressive who believes in conserving the best achievements of the experience and wisdom of the fathers.

After every kind of effort had been made to settle the strike at the city of Lawrence (1912), a committee of the Legislature was appointed to make the attempt. Mr. Coolidge was chairman of that committee. The negotiations were left largely to him. He settled the strike. Hence the president of one of the large railways said the other day: "If I should have a dispute with my men and the men were willing to leave the question to Coolidge as sole arbiter, I would be willing that the men should argue their case with Coolidge as much as they chose and I would leave my case without argument."

So much for capital. How does labor feel about it? During the recent campaign a trainman on one of the branch roads of this same president said: "There is nothing I have that Coolidge cannot have if he wants it. For some five years it has been my duty to go to the Legislature on matters connected with the Brotherhood, and I want to tell you that during that time there has been no man on Beacon Hill [where the Massachusetts Legislature sits] so fair as Coolidge, while the whole bunch of them together have not the courage that Coolidge has." He added: "You know that in our Brotherhood there are some hotheads. Nobody can tell what they would do, but I am sure that if the Brotherhood had a dispute with the railway and the railway was willing to leave the question to Coolidge as sole arbiter, the great majority of our men would be willing to leave the question to Coolidge, and let the railway state their case in any way they chose without stating our own, confident that he would be fair; and up to the point that he thought our demands were just he would put up a good fight to get what he wanted, and would have rare ability in persuading the other side that we were right. And mind you," he said, "that does not mean that we think he would give us anything we asked for, but up to the point that he thought our claim was just he would fight for it."

In the recent campaign Mr. Coolidge has been guided by a like principle. He has said: "Politics does not differ specially from anything else. In politics nothing is worth having unless you can have it in the right way."

Nationally it is interesting to learn that, in Mr. Coolidge's opinion, one of the probable immediate post-war changes will be universal military training. For a long time, he affirms, as reported by the Boston "Record," the Nation has not been doing its duty in this regard. He does not think universal military training will be fundamentally for self-protection, but that it will be more of an educational matter. As he says: "We will give health to the many. We will rub off provincialism. We will develop citizenship."

Among her politicians Massachusetts has clever orators, eager reformers, shrewd managers. But she has none who is more direct, simple, single-minded, persistent, faithful, and experienced in protecting the common interests of all the citizens than Governor Coolidge. No one will have to say of him as some wit said after the election of General Butler in the early '80's, which unutterably shocked staid New Englanders: "Benjamin Butler is elected Governor. God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!"

MORE KINDERGARTENS A NECESSITY

THERE has been ample proof during the past few years that the educational system of the country has failed to bring to our alien population a realization of the principles and ideals for which this country stands. The general public does not yet appreciate how great a part the kindergarten might play in this essential work of Americanization.

Through the lack of sufficient schools of the kindergarten type, the education of children of the impressionable age between four and six has been most woefully neglected. They should then be receiving the systematic training for future citizenship which good kindergartens furnish through the cultivation of industry, integrity, loyalty, patriotism, and the social virtues so necessary for ideal community life.

It may interest our readers to know that there are in this country 3,800,000 children of kindergarten age for whom classes have not yet been established, though the value of this phase of education has long been admitted. It is important that we take advantage of the possibilities of these early years, and provide suitable educational facilities for the younger children in accordance with the State laws.

Since 1913 the National Kindergarten Association of New York has been co-operating with the United States Bureau of Education in working for kindergarten extension. Through their united efforts an active interest in the subject has been aroused among the large women's organizations, and as a result better laws have been enacted in several States. California was the first to pass a bill providing for the establishment of kindergartens on petition of parents. The National Kindergarten Association has a field secretary in that State, and largely through her efforts the number of classes in California has more than trebled. Last year Texas and Maine passed similar laws.

During the coming winter the Legislatures will meet in more than forty States, and strong efforts are being made in many of them to arouse local sentiment on behalf of legislation favorable to a more widespread adoption of this training.

Too great emphasis cannot be laid on the value of the kindergarten as an Americanizing agency, although it is being more generally recognized and appreciated, and steps have been taken to bring to the attention of school authorities the importance of providing classes for all children of alien parentage. The kindergartner is welcomed by the shy foreign-born women who cannot be reached by any other social worker. For many of them the kindergarten mothers' meetings are their first experience of social life in the country of their adoption. Here they spend a happy hour with other mothers of different nationalities, and their first steps in Americanization are taken. In this way they are helped to gain an understanding of the new country of their adoption and of its customs and institutions, which is a prerequisite to citizenship.

The recent bomb explosions in one of our largest cities emphasize the necessity for taking immediate steps to make loyal Americans of all the aliens in this country who have not yet become assimilated. This can be accomplished, however, only by leading them to see that an interest is being taken in them, that their welfare is being considered, and that they are heartily welcomed as brother members of this great Republic.

Stories come to us at times of the work done by individual

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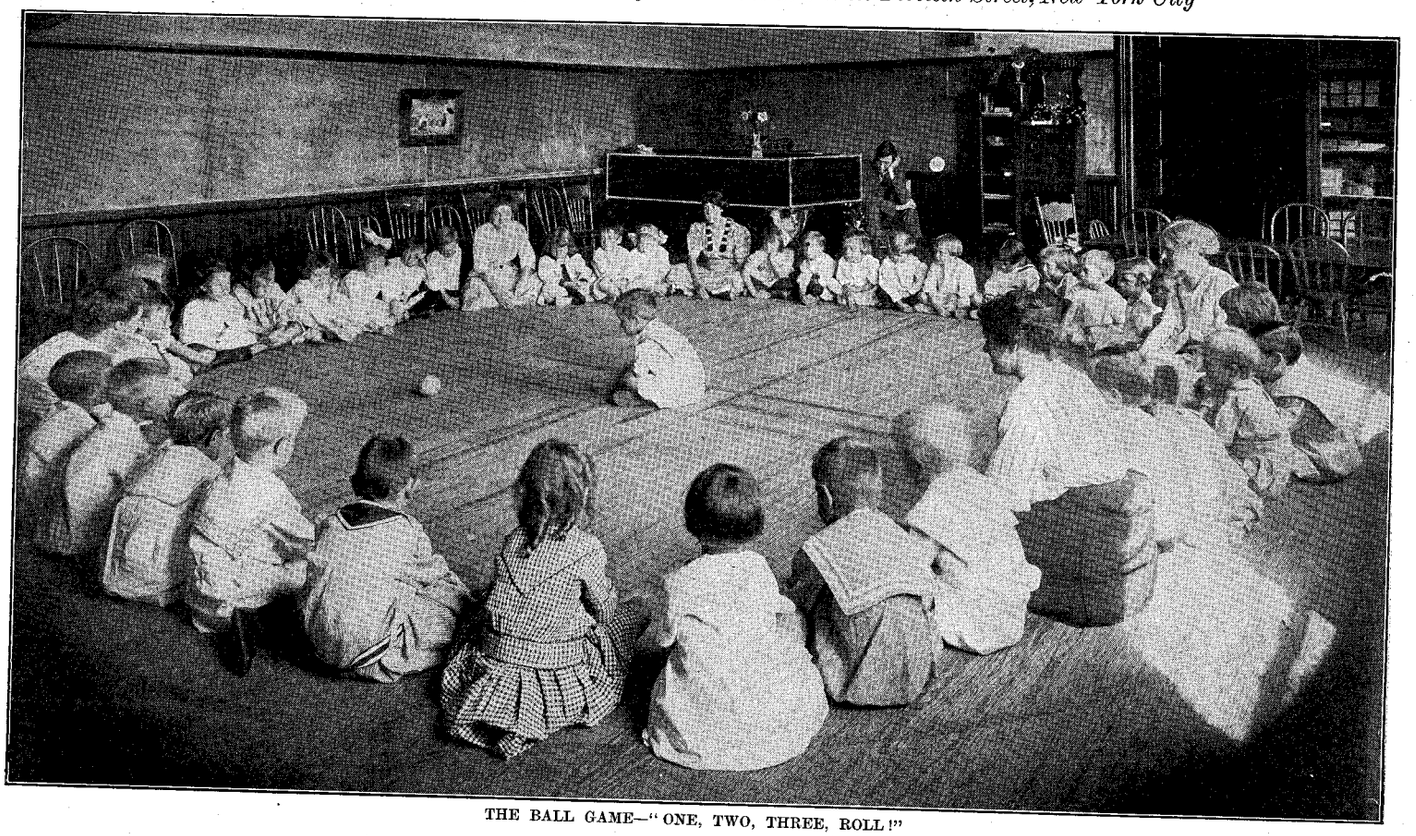
"WE ARE SOLDIERS MARCHING IN A LINE"

associations, and we hear of the crying need for the establishment of more of these schools in the foreign sections of our great cities. The benefit of these kindergartens is not by any means confined to the education of the children, but it extends into the homes, and the influence exerted there cannot be measured. In one of the most crowded districts of New York City the kindergarten association which had charge of the work there decided to try the experiment of interesting the older children in a war garden. The boys who were old enough to undertake this work were those belonging to the street gangs which infest such neighborhoods. The friends of the women who proposed the war garden plan tried to dissuade them from undertaking what the objectors said was an impossibility. But these women persisted, and the results obtained were well worth all the effort expended. The boys were eager to make the garden a success, and a success it was. This experiment not only provided occupation for the boys during the hot summer months, when, if they had been left to their own devices, they would have been an annoyance and terror to their community, but it will doubtless prove of lasting value to them.

In communities where there are not sufficient kindergartens effort should be made for their establishment. In order to promote this work, the United States Bureau of Education at Washington and the National Kindergarten Association have issued leaflets and bulletins on the subject. They will supply these upon request, also blank petitions, material for the press, motion pictures, lantern slides, and copies of effective kindergarten laws.

We are indebted for the information contained in this article to Miss Bessie Locke, Chief of the Kindergarten Division of the United States Bureau of Education. Any of our readers who are interested in this movement can obtain further information about it by addressing Miss Locke at 8 West Fortieth Street, New York City



THE BALL GAME—"ONE, TWO, THREE, ROLL!"

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KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

WHAT IS THE PROMISE OF HIS COMING?[1]

In The Outlook for October 2 you suggest several subjects for sermons. I wish you would give us one on "the signs of the times." There has been so much said by different people of different sects about the second coming of Christ or the end of this age being close at hand that I would like to hear from one whose opinions I could respect, and I believe there are many others who would like to hear from you in these anxious, troubled times. J. W. A.

THERE has probably been no time since the death and resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth, about the year A.D. 33, that his disciples have not anticipated his reappearance on the earth and thought that the events then taking place heralded his coming. To tell the history of these disappointed expectations would require a book. To tell the various interpretations of the Bible, especially of the enigmatical utterances in the books of Daniel and Revelation, would require another book. In answering your question I shall confine myself to what Jesus himself has said on this subject, partly for the sake of brevity, partly because I have carefully studied his utterances, and partly because they seem to me both clear and authoritative—much more so than the utterances in what are known as the apocalyptic books. His principal utterances on this subject are to be found in the thirteenth and the twenty-fourth chapters of Matthew, with which the student who possesses a reference Bible may easily compare references in the other Gospels.

The thirteenth chapter of Matthew contains a series of parables, all of which deal with the kingdom of heaven, illustrating the processes by which it is to be brought about in the world, and incidentally indicating the climax of those processes in its complete establishment. Grouping together these parables, we may summarize their teaching briefly as follows:

The kingdom of heaven is coming upon the earth. It will not come suddenly; it will be a gradual growth, like a seed growing secretly out of the ground; the forces which produce it are now in the world, and the kingdom of God will grow from those forces as the fruit grows out of the earth which "bringeth forth fruit of herself;" its growth will depend upon the way in which it is received by mankind—some will not understand it, some will only seem to do so, and some will receive it with honest and good hearts and will keep it and bring forth the fruits of it in their lives; evil will grow up with the good, and in such intimate association that separation between them will be for the time impracticable—men will grow better and men will grow worse, and they will live side by side in the same community, the same business, the same homes; the result will be inevitable conflict, struggle, agitation—the kingdom will be like leaven hidden in three measures of meal—and in this struggle self-sacrifice will be called for; no man will be worthy of this kingdom who is not willing to give all that he possesses to enter into it and make it his own; it will be like a treasure hidden in a field, or like a pearl of great price for which a man may have to sell all that he has if he would acquire it; but there will come at length a time of harvest, when out of this growing, struggling, costly, unrecognized kingdom of heaven all things that offend and they which do iniquity will be gathered, and the kingdom of God shall come on earth and his will shall be done on earth as it is in heaven.

The other address of Jesus was given in a private conference to the twelve disciples a few days before their Master's death. He had been all day teaching in the Temple, had denounced the religious leaders of the Jews in terrible invective, and had told them in parables the significance of which even the Pharisees comprehended that the destruction of their capital and their nation was not far off. With an ingenuity which was characteristic of him, he elicited from the people themselves this conclusion: "They say unto him, He will miserably destroy those wicked men, and will let out his vineyard unto other husbandmen, which shall render him the fruits in their seasons." At the end of the day some of his followers pointed out to him the buildings of the Temple, the destruction of which he had foreshadowed, and he then declared to them in plain terms: "Verily I say unto you, There shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down."

After the throng was dispersed four of his special friends—Peter, James, John, and Andrew—came to him for further explanation with the question, "Tell us, when shall these things be? and what shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the world?" They could no more conceive that religion would continue after the Temple was destroyed than a devout Roman Catholic now could conceive that religion would continue if the Papacy were destroyed, or a devout Protestant could believe that religion could continue if the Bible were destroyed. But Jesus in his reply treated their questions, not as one, but as three, in a response which as reported by Matthew may be summarized as follows:

Do not imagine that the kingdom of God will immediately appear. There must first be a long period of tribulation, the travail out of which the kingdom shall be born. When, therefore, you see the approaching destruction of Jerusalem, do not imagine that the end has come; flee, for terrible will be the suffering of that time. But that is not the end. Wherever there is corruption there will the executioners of God's judgment appear; and not until after this period of travail and world judgment will be the coming of the Son of man. Jerusalem will be destroyed, but the Jewish race will abide,[1] a living testimony to the truth of my words. How long the world must wait, when the end will come, no one knows or can know; the angels in heaven do not know; I do not know. But when it comes there will be no room for doubt, for it will come "as the lightning cometh out of the east and shineth even unto the west."

I can find in these teachings of Jesus nothing to warrant the notion that the world is growing worse, that the gospel of God's love as a remedy for world evils is a failure, and that Christ is coming in person as a king enthroned at Jerusalem to bring about that kingdom of righteousness, peace, and universal joy which he has failed to bring about as the great Teacher of truth and the great Sacrifice for sin. For the Christian conception of a kingdom growing gradually by the power of spiritual forces working within man and inspiring human virtue and human endeavor, this notion of a Second Coming substitutes the old Jewish conception of a political kingdom established by irresistible power over mankind, despite their resistance. But I do find in these teachings of Jesus an inspiration to look forward to a final victory for truth and goodness, a victory wrought through human suffering and sacrifice, and I do find in it the very explicit instruction how the Master would have us watch for that day of victory: "Who then is a faithful and wise servant, whom his lord hath made ruler over his household, to give them meat in due season? Blessed is that servant, whom his lord when he cometh shall find so doing."

In my judgment, those who are studying the books of Daniel and of Revelation to find something which will enable them to interpret the "signs of the times" that they may be ready for

[1] I have received a number of letters asking if I am the author of an article entitled "Prophecies Misunderstood," published over my name in Volume XI of the "Watchword," of Boston (July, 1889). Habitually I forget what I have written or spoken as soon as the article or address is completed, and turn my thoughts to the next duty to be done. Therefore I rarely can tell whether any supposed copy or report of any article or speech is accurate if it is presented to me a few months after the original delivery, and never can tell if it is presented to me some years after. The article to which my attention has been called I certainly did not write for the "Watchword." The editor, however, assures me that he took it from a previous publication, and wrote to me and obtained from me permission to reprint it in the "Watchword." In part it represents and in part it does not represent my present opinions. Whatever I may have thought and said then, this article represents my present convictions on the subject. The curious student will find in my "Commentary on Matthew," published in 1875, a fuller interpretation of the thirteenth and twenty-fourth chapters of Matthew, and on the textual interpretations there given this article is largely based, though in some details I should probably be less positive now than I was then.

[1] "This generation shall not pass, till all these things be fulfilled." For the evidence that the Greek word here rendered "generation" properly means race or family of people see Dean Alford's Greek Testament on this verse.

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the end are on a blind trail; and those who are fighting with patience and heroism the age-long battle to make this world a better and a happier world to live in are pursuing the course which the Master directed his disciples to pursue that they might hasten the day when God's kingdom will come and God's will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

WHAT IS A NATION?

CAN THE BALKAN PEOPLES UNITE ON ANYTHING BUT A RACIAL BASIS?

BY RICHARD BOARDMAN

I HAVE recently returned from Salonika, where I lay for four weeks in a British military hospital. I was visited there by my French colleague, an elderly commandant (who spoke to me in colloquial French, of which I understood but little, and I replied in French of a different sort, of which he understood less); by a Russian captain connected with the Serbian army; by a Greek colonel; and lastly, by the elderly woman in whose house I had had my room, who was by race a Jew, by religion a Moslem, and by language a Turk. As far as I can discover, there is no strain of my own blood that does not stretch through several generations of New England stock back into old England. By every instinct of my nature I am American and nothing but American. Neither, therefore, by consanguinity nor by national consciousness could I claim any affinity to these, my guests. Yet I felt, and I believe they felt, a bond of sympathy between us—that touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.

I have seen street urchins in France, Italy, and Greece illustrate for my benefit the different military salutes of the different armies of the Allies. I have talked with lawyers of England, France, Italy, and Greece, and felt the bond of a common profession. The housekeepers of Salonika are suffering from the same burdens as the housekeepers of America. The Greek colonel overbid his hand at bridge with the same recklessness as his prototype in the American Army. Of course street urchins are much alike the world over. So too are lawyers, housekeepers, and bridge-players. But so also are doctors, surgeons, priests, traders, and farmers. In fact, men are men, and outside of political circles most men wish to be left free to live in peace with their neighbors at home and abroad, regardless of consideration of race or national consciousness.

To the proposition that men of widely different nationalities cannot live together under a common government every page in American history gives the lie. In 1860–4 we said that some six millions of people of a common race, having "a community of ideas, of interests, of inclinations, of memories and hopes," should not constitute a new and separate country. This mandate we enforced by the employment of military force, and history has justified both the decision and the method of its enforcement.

It is doubtful if a pure race ever could become, or at least long remain, a first-class Power, whether within or without a League of Nations. It was upon this matter of purity of blood that the German nation went mad. The Serb is a rather well-defined type. The typical Serb is a tall, big, well-proportioned peasant, pleasant and happy. The typical Greek is a small, wiry trader, keen and mentally alert. The Serb is a stay-at-home; the Greek is a wanderer. The Serb needs the Greek and the Greek needs the Serb. But there is an illustration nearer home of the necessity of all kinds of blood in order to make a well-rounded government. The great Prime Minister of England is a Welshman; and all the world knows something of the part that the Scotsman plays in English business, professional, and political life. To-day, and for years past, many of the most important governmental positions are, and have been, filled by Jews.

But I can hear it asked. "What, then, is the principle upon which the boundary-lines between countries should be drawn?"

During the eighteen years of the present century the proposition that "the nineteenth century was characterized by the rise of the spirit of nationality" has gained such popularity that to-day it has come to be accepted as a truism. Upon this theory editors have written leading articles, authors have chosen the titles to their books, and statesmen have built programmes for the reconstruction of the world.

Perhaps it is presumptuous even to consider questioning a theory that is so well intrenched. But these are days when theories, no matter how widely held, should be carefully examined, especially if those theories are about to be expressed in terms of international agreement or international legislation.

No doubt this idea of civil government based on consanguinity is as old as human society. Certainly it is not the fresh product of nineteenth or twentieth century thought. First the family, then the tribe, then the nation, was or may have been the order of development of government in the childhood of civilization. But in modern, mediæval, or ancient times one, and only one, first-class power has pretended to be based on nationality as that word has been used in cultured circles in the twentieth century. Germany, and Germany alone, has put forth this claim for herself. Austria-Hungary, Russia, and the British Empire were, and frankly remain, composed of a heterogeneous mass of races with widely differing customs, languages, and religions. The same was true of the empires of Charlemagne and of the Cæsars in their day. France, Italy, and Japan have all dreamed of empire, while America and Switzerland have been the two most striking refutations of the theory. In America civil government is molding race, language, and, more indirectly but no less truly, religious beliefs. In the very heart of warring Europe, for centuries Switzerland has maintained her civil government, notwithstanding the fact that the differences of race, religion, and language have continued.

The theory that government should be built upon nationality, race, consanguinity, is not only well intrenched but it is popular, for it appeals to all that is superficial in us. It reminds us of our school and college days. "First the family, then the tribe, then the nation," is a concept that can be absorbed by the shallowest mind without effort. It appeals to the spirit of snobbishness, sectionalism, denominationalism, and to those disintegrating forces that make for disunion and disruption. If it could be made an effective force in Austria-Hungary it would tend to the breaking up of that Empire and the bringing of the Teutonic elements under the Prussian hegemony. If it could be sufficiently instilled into the Russians, their Empire must dissolve. If it could be taught in India, in Egypt, in Ireland, or even in Australia or Canada, the British Empire would soon be a thing of the past. But the most fruitful soil for the spread of this luxuriant weed of the political and intellectual world is and has been the Balkans. There the Rumanian learned that he was the true and only legitimate child of the old Roman; the modern Greek, that he was sole and rightful heir to the culture of ancient Greece. The Bulgar, Serb, and Montenegrin discovered that their race characteristics were wholly irreconcilable the one with the others, for the reason, forsooth, that the blood, the culture (*Kultur*), the traditions, of each were superior to those of the others. Wherever this principle can find practical application it is immediately found to be in complete harmony with that very practical maxim of the great Bismarck, "Divide and rule."

Some twenty-odd years ago (we all begin modern history at the date of our graduations from college) there began to come out of Germany young American students who became teachers in our American colleges. With them came new methods of teaching and studying history. With them, too, came "the rise of the spirit of nationality in the nineteenth century."

It appeared innocent enough. It was a plausible theory. It

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seemed to explain much that was going on in the troubled portions of the world. Newspapers were fed with it. It was talked up in all sorts of circles. In fact, every means known to the greatest of propagandists were used for its exploitation the world over. We venture that if one will take this theory, wherever he finds it, and turn it upside down, he can read the well-known inscription, "Made in Germany."

I have not lost sight of the fact that while in some circles the term nationality is used as signifying community of blood, race, consanguinity, in other circles it has been said to signify "a community of ideas, of interests, of inclinations, of memories and hopes." This has been brought forward more or less instinctively by non-German thinkers to modify the evil consequences of the logical application of a theory they did not feel it necessary to refute. The matter is not simplified by this other definition. In fact, the use of the term in this double sense makes the confusion worse confounded. Especially is this true in relation to a district where the major part of the people are of the race and speak the language of one country and have the national consciousness of another country, as in the case of Alsace-Lorraine. But this theory that the boundaries of a country must be delimited by the nationality of the people, or of a major part of the people, has a baneful consequence wherever it is applied, and whether the one or the other definition of the term is used.

To-day the fruitage of this theory is obvious to the seeing eye. In the Balkans three wars have followed one another in less than a decade, the last involving more than three-fourths of all the people of the world. Austria-Hungary and Russia are falling to pieces. Ireland has remained in a turmoil. India has grown restive. And as the world war ends thirty-two new candidates present themselves for admission to the proposed League of Nations.

It is, however, upon this age-old theory that it is now everywhere proposed to redraw the map of Europe.

The trouble with the theory under discussion is that it is a theory and the product of *a priori* reasoning. There can be no hard and fast rule. There is no rule of the thumb. But it is safe to say that most men get along better with their neighbors than they do with their relatives; and it is an instinct with every farmer or other landowner to wish to straighten out his boundary lines. They should present a pleasing contour on a map. Mountains, lakes, rivers, and oceans, in the natural course of things, have established themselves as national boundaries. They afford a barrier of defense, and the military consideration cannot even now be entirely neglected. There are ports and other disputed territory to which, with plausible argument, two or more countries may lay claim. The only way such claims are finally settled is by making it a matter of no practical concern to which this disputable land shall belong. When our own Constitution was adopted, the bitter disputes pending among the States as to the ownership of the then Northwest ceased forever.

To-day the United States of America enjoys an unprecedented popularity among the little nations of the world. The enthusiasm for America and things American amounts almost to a passion. Should we not seek to capitalize this enthusiasm for the promotion of the cause of peace in the world? We have a Constitution, crude and inflexible as it may be—far from ideal in many ways no doubt, but nevertheless a constitution that has held together peoples differing in race, in language, in religion and laws. While we may realize the molding process that has been going on in these latter years, we are apt to forget that this same Constitution linked together not only thirteen mutually jealous States of differing races, but that we later absorbed a Spanish Florida and a French Louisiana.

Under this Constitution we have developed a people as loyal to the Government in all matters of foreign policy as any that exists under the sun. We have at the same time developed a state of mind to which a League of Nations seems but a logical consequence of our own successful venture in the field of political experiment.

In the light of our own history these over-fine distinctions of nationalities seem petty and unreal. But we are told that in the Balkans things are different. They are. In Monastir it is said that one can find sons of the same parents, one a Serb, one a Bulgar, one a Greek, and one a Montenegrin, according to the schools they attended. And in Salonika it is a wise street urchin who knows whether he is a Greek, Jew, or Turk by virtue of his parentage.

It is time that, instead of feeding to these people the unhealthy German notions of nationality, we urge upon them the generous ideals of the Declaration of Independence, and teach them some of the slogans that have meant so much in our own history, notably that of Webster, that saved us in our hour of need—"Union and Liberty, one and inseparable, now and forever."

These Near-Eastern peoples are predisposed to accept things American. Is it too much to hope that with some simple modifications our own Constitution might work—even in the Balkans? The Greeks, at least, have a genius for organization. And to-day Greece has a great leader in Venizelos. The other Balkan states look to America for leadership and assistance and protection. They long for these things with an earnestness that we are slow to appreciate or understand. All these peoples feel that we have had the giant's strength and have not used it as a giant. To-day, as never before, America appears as the Big Brother to the nations of the world. Nowhere is this more true than in the Balkans.

Should it not be our policy to urge upon them the suggestion that they seek admission to the League of Nations as the United States of the Balkans?

THE PEACE CONFERENCE AT VERSAILLES

II—THE QUESTION OF SMALL STATES[1]

BY ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

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HAVING just passed through the most tremendous war that the world has ever known, mankind is preparing for a peace conference upon a like unexampled scale. The number of Powers that take part will be imposing beyond all previous experience. The last high tide was reached in the Second Hague Conference of 1907, the final act of which was signed by the representatives of forty-four nations. Out of that list two—Serbia and Montenegro—practically ceased to exist during the war, and both may perhaps merge their territory into the new Jugoslav state before the assembling at Paris. The hand of fate has once for all stricken from the list the ancient Empire of Austria-Hungary, and Turkey may also be treated as defunct; so that only forty-three—possibly forty—of the Powers that signed the Hague Convention may be expected to join together again to make a greater treaty in 1919.

The Hague list did not include all the states in the world which then claimed independence and therefore a presumptive right to sit in a world congress. Two Latin-American Powers, Costa Rica and Honduras, were not among the signatories at The Hague. In Africa, outside of the European colonies, just three countries are really or nominally independent: Abyssinia on the east, Morocco on the north, and Liberia on the west. The vast continent of Asia is practically occupied by the colonies of Russia, Great Britain, France, Holland, Portugal, and Germany, with the exception of the three Empires of Japan, China, and Persia (all of which were represented at The Hague),

[1] The first of this series of articles appeared in The Outlook for December 4 under the title "A Great World Congress." Other articles will follow in consecutive issues.—THE EDITORS.

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and the tribal states of Afghanistan, Oman, Bhutan, and Nepal, none of which are likely to be among the elect.

Even in Europe some curious little countries must at least be considered, even if they are not admitted to the Conference. Among them are two Balkan states, Albania and Bosnia-Herzegovina, which now have as good a right to be counted as their neighbors. Besides the little republics of Andorra and San Marino, which are really parts of France and Italy, there are several preposterous little statelets in Europe. The principality of Monaco is still on the map, and also Liechtenstein, which was barely big enough to go through a revolution the other day and throw over its sovereign prince. The Papacy may possibly seek to be represented. Out of these various Powers two or three may perhaps be allowed to sit in the family chair and write their names at the end of the coming document.

A third group of states which will either be admitted or will passionately and persistently knock at the gate is made up of the fragments of recently exploded empires. Finland, Poland, Ukraine, Lithuania, very likely some of the three other Baltic provinces, may be excluded because they will not formally come into being till the Congress completes its work; but their envoys will be waiting just on the outside of the magic circle. Out of Austria-Hungary four separate nations seem likely to emerge—Czechslovakia, Hungary, the Jugoslav State, and German Austria. From Turkey four or five fragments are likely to claim independence and recognition—Arabia, Syria, Mesopotamia, Armenia, and perhaps a new neutralized state including Constantinople, the Bosphorus, and the Dardanelles. Even Germany may break into several republics before the Congress; and Siberia may claim to be separate from Russia.

Taking it altogether, somewhere between fifty and fifty-five states will probably be actually represented in the Congress. It is an axiom of international law that these nations are all absolutely equal, independent, and sovereign, just as individuals are equal before the law of the country that they inhabit. The doctrine of national sovereignty is, however, a generality. Like the corresponding political idea of inalienable rights for the individual, it is a great restraint upon the thought and action of mankind. The brutal disregard of the international rights of Belgium and Serbia by Germany in 1914 aroused the righteous indignation of mankind; and part of the duty of the Congress will be to bring those crimes home to the aggressors. Nevertheless nothing can be more certain than that the Congress will not act either formally or informally in accordance with the doctrine of equality of nations.

The Peace Conference need not raise the question of decisions by a majority of nations represented. Whatever preliminary votes may be taken, the final act will be signed by each Power according to its judgment, and those who do not sign will not be bound by that document. Of course if they refuse to sign they will lose whatever advantages there may be for them in the document; in addition to that disadvantage every weak state will have to sign or receive unfavorable treatment. Not a single Power on earth, not even the United States, is in a position to say, "We will withdraw from this Congress and do as seems best to us."

In the actual world of earth and water, overlaid by groups of organized human beings which we call governments, states are not equal, but are thrown by the force of circumstances into three groups, none of which appear in the learned works on international law and sovereignty, because they are unofficial, indefinite, and changeable.

The first is made up of less than ten of the nations of the earth—the most powerful, the most highly organized, the most active. That list normally includes Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, China, Japan, and the United States of America, which in 1914 had together a population of about 750,000,000, to which might be added between 400,000,000 and 500,000,000 inhabitants of European colonies in Asia and Africa. The remainder of the population of the earth, civilized and uncivilized, is not over 400,000,000, and cannot expect to outvote the popular majority.

The only other parts of the earth in which equally powerful nations may some time develop are Brazil and Australia, possibly India. Just now Germany and Russia—two of the members of this big-nation group—are out of commission, and China is inactive; therefore the mainsprings of action in the Congress will surely be Great Britain, France, Japan, and the United States, acting together with Italy, a Power having less weight and less likelihood of expansion. The main decisions will infallibly proceed from that combination.

The second group is made up of states of high civilization but decidedly smaller populations. This includes the six neutrals in the war—Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, and Spain. It includes also the A B C Powers of South America—Argentina, Brazil, and Chile. The new states built up from the ruins of Austria-Hungary and Russia are the only ones likely to enter into this class. South Africa, Australia, and Canada appear disposed to accept a place in some form of organized British Empire, so that they are not here counted.

The third group of so-called equal states contains the small, weak, and helpless units which maintain themselves because defended against enemies by some strong power or group of powers. Seventeen out of the twenty Latin-American countries enter into this aggregation. Five of the seventeen—Cuba, Haiti, the Dominican Republic, Panama, and Nicaragua—are protectorates of the United States; their so-called sovereign governments are less free to govern themselves than are the States of the Union. Many of the other small states already mentioned are in the same position of protection by some Great Power, as well as a few of the second group. Belgium would be to-day a plundered and oppressed province of the German Empire but for the resistance of its larger friends. Not one of the four groups of small states in the Balkans, or in what till recently were Russia, Austria-Hungary, Turkey, and the Balkans, could stand up two years against the enmity or greed of neighbors but for the protection of stronger Powers.

The fact that many of these weak states are tropical countries has given rise to the idea that the main cause of war in this world is the contest between great nations for the labor and products of tropical regions. Doubtless Central Africa and southern Asia and the islands of the sea were in the minds of the Germans when they went to war—and apparently it will be many years before the results of their ambition go out of their minds again. Exactly the same conditions apply, however, in all the Balkan States, which, since turning the Turk out of Macedonia in 1912, have already had two wars and must be set in order from without. No act of a Peace Congress and no machinery of a world court can make those weak Powers equal to the stronger Powers either in fact or in the belief of the world.

An understanding of the real groupings of political might will throw light on the action of the coming Congress. Its work is bound to be done by the great nations which have borne the heat and burden of the fray, in order to bring mankind to a point where no great or little Power may set the world on fire. It looks as though the four Powers which have been fighting side by side (acting presumably in harmony with Japan) will lay down a general outline of the coming world peace before the Congress meets. That means that they will decide what new states, medium and small, are to be created, and what states are to be merged with others. They have already assigned Alsace-Lorraine and probably Posen away from Germany. They will also decide what states shall be recognized before the Congress and be received into it and what others must wait for the action of the Congress before they can call themselves nations.

Otherwise, why should our diplomatic Jupiter with his four attendant moons be preparing to shine upon the eastern horizon? The United States of America, as the most powerful of all the nations, must expect a great influence over all these questions in the Congress. For that work no one man is great enough. No president and no potentate can take a leading part in such a world-making assemblage without taking account of the convictions and desires of the country which he represents. For what purpose a Congress, a Senate, National business organizations, wise and learned counselors, unless the Presidential mind takes pains to discover and express the mind of the American people? This is our country; we have fought to make democracy safe; we are entitled to and will insist upon open and understandable diplomacy, so that this Nation shall not be pledged to any course or any obligation that its people think contrary to the interests of the United States or the world at large.

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THE ADVENTURES OF THÉOPHILE[1]

I—THE TROUSERS OF THÉOPHILE GELAS

BY DONAL HAMILTON HAINES

THÉOPHILE was not happy. A thousand things betrayed this dismal fact: his expression, the tones of his voice, his way of wearing his uniform, the untrimmed state of his beard and mustaches, the gloomy gestures with which he waved his paring-knife.

"Me, I am a Frenchman," he declared, with a sort of fury of resignation, "therefore I do what is to be done, yet that does not prevent my soul from being in torment!

"My grandfather bayoneted eight Prussians at Auerstädt, under the very eye of the Little Corporal himself. At Gravelotte my father and some others served a *mitrailleuse* until there was no more ammunition and they could not see across the heap of slain which they had built! And I"—here Théophile made with a half-peeled potato a gesture that was the apotheosis of tragedy—"I, who have dreamed of continuing the brave deeds of the house of Gelas, must go down to posterity as what? *Dix mille tonnerres*, what? As the man who perfected *ragoût* of mule?"

"But observe, Théophile," remarked his companion, a burly infantryman told off that day for the gathering of wood for the cook's fires, "you have still done much more than I."

"*Comment?*" and M. Gelas frowned heavily.

"But it is true," insisted the other. "I have slain, all told, it may be half a dozen of the foe, no more. While you have, thanks to your excellent food and that marvelous coffee, turned a company of hungry men into so many devils, brimful of courage, incapable of retreat. They have accomplished prodigies for which your simmering pots and kettles are responsible!"

Théophile heard him out in a visibly increasing skepticism which finally exploded.

"Bah!" he snorted. "What folly! Am I a child that you think to comfort me by such babblings? Is the eagle to be made happy by having its wings clipped and then set in a barnyard to mother a brood of chicks? Bah!"

The wood-gatherer straightened his bent back, regarded the neat pile of fagots he had built, then, his store of comfortings apparently at an end, had recourse to questions.

"*Bien*, what would you?" he demanded.

"I would change this"—Théophile held out the knife—"for a sword or rifle; this"—here he smote with an irate hand the not too clean apron which fairly enshrouded his meager figure—"for the scarlet trousers in which my father fought and died!"

"But," the infantryman pointed out, "we no longer wear the trousers of scarlet."

"I know it," admitted Théophile; "more shame to us!"

The infantryman, who had seen two years and eight months of service, and into whose brain the virtue of low visibility clothing had been beaten by many lessons of experience, defended his blue-clad legs with the arguments of reason and practicability. His logic had upon the company cook merely the effect of making him fairly swell with scorn. And the linesman's final argument was unfortunate; it precipitated the explosion.

"Besides, the uniform was forced upon us, since the Boche fought in clothes the color of nothing at all!"

"*Nom d'un pipe!*" shouted Théophile, "are we to be told what clothes to wear by a pig of a Prussian?"

"At one thousand yards," the linesman explained with admirable patience, "one of these gray Prussians can hardly be seen, whereas a pair of scarlet trousers would be as the Louvre set in the midst of a plain!"

"The more reason," Théophile answered stoutly, "for the sons of France to rush to the attack. At arms' length the color of a man's clothes makes no difference!"

The soldier, like his kind the world over, had considerable of the pride of the cloth. Théophile's persistence irritated him.

"If you have for red trousers such an enormous affection, why don't you wear them?" he demanded.

With a superb gesture, such as a senator of Rome might have employed in wrapping himself in his toga, Théophile flung back his apron.

"Behold!" he cried, and exposed to view his spindling legs clad, not merely in a pair of those baggy scarlet trousers which cost France so many lives in the first days of the war, but even the white gaiters which had been worn with them.

"If that becomes known," his companion said, "you will be made to shed them."

"Not so," returned Théophile. "It is the one recompense for my shame. Since the wretched chef does not fight, the color of his trousers is a matter without importance. This much is permitted me in memory of my father!"

He dismissed the subject with another eloquent gesture and slanted a glance at the pile of fagots.

"That will be an insufficiency of wood," he announced, and the infantryman went away for more, grumbling.

It goes without saying that Théophile Gelas was well known to the company of linesmen whose stomachs he filled thrice daily, or as often as circumstances permitted. They were even inordinately fond of him, for no company in the regiment was so well fed. They boasted openly that Théophile could make a salad in the middle of the Sahara, and that he could construct a soup with a fire, a pot, and a heavy dew!

Yet they were not above plaguing him. A man, however admirable, cannot combine the spirit of the falcon with the body of the wren and go wholly free of chaffing. It was so temptingly easy to stir Théophile into action, and nothing could be more diverting to weary *poilus* than the sight of his tiny aproned figure capering madly about as he showed them how his immortal grandsire had wrought prodigies at Auerstädt.

It was no great wonder that wise company officers and a complacent quartermaster permitted Théophile the eccentricity of his obsolete and conspicuous trousers. His sphere of activity was many hundreds of meters back of the front line; he might have worn black-and-scarlet motley and no man come to harm by it. And Théophile was a creature to be humored. In his enforced field of labor his genius approached the sublime. It was in those moments which try the souls of armies that he rose supreme. He was no fair-weather cook. Let there come a day of rain and despair, the men of the company overtaxed and depressed by tremendous efforts in the fire trenches, supplies low because of persistent German bombardment of the lines of communication, uniforms soaked and firewood wet by hours of drenching rain—it was at such times that Théophile could be depended upon to produce a meal which carried comfort and new courage to the men who ate it.

Had he desired to slice his onions clad in the uniform of a Maréchal de France, his company commander would have moved heaven and earth to gratify his wish!

But, as has been stated, Théophile Gelas was not happy. While he achieved succulent stews for which hungry men called down blessings upon his head, his mind dwelt upon dreams of glory which could never be realized for him. As a matter of fact, he took the craftman's honest pride in his work, but he hid this fact within him and spoke only with bitterness of his lot.

"It will not even be my fate to die gloriously, as is my birthright!" he would announce lugubriously. "My grandfather was found with eleven wounds in his body, the neck of an Austrian in his fingers. My father perished in the very throat of a Bavarian cannon, while I—! Name of a pig! One day a Boche shell will overturn my kettles and I shall be scalded in my own *potage!*"

There was not, however, a grain of selfishness in the great soul which inhabited Théophile's undersized body. His mercurial spirit acted as a perfect barometer of defeat and victory. The fact that he could have no active part in the thrill of attack, could only shoulder vicariously the heavy burden of reverses, merely stirred him to a fury which found outlet in the more violent discharge of his duties.

"One can," he would say, "to a certain extent relieve the

[1] Each of the stories in this series is complete in itself and entirely independent of the others.—THE EDITORS.

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pent-up emotions of an anguished spirit through the medium of a large knife and an obdurate cabbage!"

During the eighteen months of his service Gelas had cooked in many places and under widely differing conditions. He had known the comfortable isolation of dugouts, the luxury of abandoned châteaux, the nerve-trying ordeals of preparing food almost under fire. There had been one heartrending occasion on which a German shell had scattered to the winds of heaven a whole sheep which had been roasting over Théophile's fire. Physical suasion had been required to prevent the frenzied M. Gelas from rushing out for vengeance armed with his largest cleaver.

For some four months Théophile's position—topographically and tactically—had not been what it seemed, and he knew it. The company was holding one of those uncomfortably "quiet sectors" whose peace is but seeming and likely to be rudely shattered at any moment. And since operations requiring all possible press of numbers were forward at other points, the forces holding this particular bit of front had been thinned down to a minimum. The thinning had been done at night, and with that circumspection which had become essential to all such maneuvers. The Germans opposite had been given no cause to suppose that they were faced by smaller numbers than had faced them from the beginning. If they learned the truth, there was likely to be protracted unpleasantness.

Théophile's *al fresco* kitchen had been set up much nearer to the front than perfect prudence would have dictated. The nature of the ground was responsible for this. A little distance behind the support trenches there was a pocket. On the side toward the foe this pocket had a perpendicular wall ten feet high. In the other direction the slope was much more gradual.

The advantages of this position were obvious. Hugged close against the sharp-sided wall of earth, further protected by a roof of timbers and sand-bags, Théophile's operations were comparatively safe. And their proximity to the front meant that food for the men in the trenches would have to be carried a much shorter distance than usual.

At the outset Théophile had entered upon his duties with ominous shakes of the head. The spot, he maintained, was designed for slaughter and destined to be his inglorious tomb. But as day followed day and the weeks became months his fears became lulled into a feeling of security.

"To leave here," he was wont to say, "would be a pity, unless it were to take up quarters much nearer Berlin."

There were moments, however, when Théophile felt positively stifled in the security of his kitchen, when the risks borne by the other men goaded his fiery spirit to fury. On that very day when he had engaged in sharp argument over the matter of uniforms with the infantryman a definite plan entered his brain.

When first the idea occurred to him, he shuddered. He was so instinctively and thoroughly the soldier that the mere thought of a breach of discipline startled him, and it was nothing less that he was contemplating.

During the entire day there was a sharp struggle between Théophile's natural tendencies and his new-born desires, and it is possible that his work suffered in consequence. Certainly his helpers discovered in him an unusual touchiness and shortness of temper. When it was pointed out to him that he had forgotten to salt the soup (ordinarily he would as soon have forgotten his head!), he flew into a passion.

"Am I then to be taught my profession by *you?*" he demanded, with the air of a throned monarch.

"But—" the discoverer of the unsalted soup started to defend himself.

Théophile obliterated the man and his defenses with a single gesture.

"There is a moment for salting soup, as for every other thing!" he declared, "and I have charge of these affairs!"

And he proceeded to salt the soup exactly three minutes later, as though the performance of that rite at any other moment would have proved a disaster.

But not every man he encountered that day was fated to feel the edge of Théophile's tongue and the sharp angles of his temper. Certain non-commissioned officers found themselves singled out for special favors and made the recipients of succulent bits from the chef's secret stores. Théophile, having it in mind to turn warrior, wisely began by becoming a diplomat.

Ordinarily he retired when the evening meal was finished, the carrying of food and coffee to the men standing night duty being left to his assistants. On this particular night it was observed that he did not go to bed. Fortunately for Théophile's plans (and for some other conditions), his further activities were not observed. To hungry men the figure of a cook off duty is a thing of complete inconsequence!

Théophile's activities would have aroused suspicion had they been seen. He divested himself of the apron of office and got into his overcoat, first arming himself with a large knife—a huge instrument hitherto devoted to peaceful purposes, but, in a vigorous hand, quite capable of bisecting a man.

These matters arranged, he waited until there commenced to trickle through the communication trenches those little knots of men assigned to the hazardous enterprises of the night—patrol work, the repair of broken wire, and so on. Into this thin stream of shadowy figures Théophile unobtrusively inserted himself.

The watchful eye of a sergeant saw him, and a gruff voice demanded what he did. Théophile disclosed himself, and observed with relief that it was a sergeant whom he had stuffed with dainties not many hours before.

"It is but a matter of certain kettles which have been lost, sergeant," he explained, glibly.

Arrived in the front-line trenches, the cook's rôle was not without its difficulties. He had at once to avoid any appearance of slinking yet to evade close scrutiny and questionings. He counted upon three factors to aid him: the slight confusion attending the going out of the various patrols and work parties, the lack of light, and the fact that men did not ordinarily seek this dangerous work unless assigned to it.

His plan succeeded admirably. Within a few minutes he was creeping out into the blackness with the six men of a "listening patrol." He availed himself of their company until he was safely through the wire, then deliberately strayed—a task presenting no difficulties.

Once alone, Théophile lay flat, his chin resting on his crossed arms, his sharp eyes peering into the blackness ahead of him, broken now and then by star shell or rocket from one line or the other. He had no clear plan. No idea of performing single-handed some prodigy of valor which would redound to the credit of the house of Gelas had entered his mind. He had simply yearned beyond endurance for the thrill of danger, the zest of martial adventure. He planned to prowl about by himself, then creep back toward his own trenches, join himself to some returning party, and take the consequences of his disobedience later.

But it is not easy for one unaccustomed to the business to crawl about in the darkness and still retain an accurate idea of one's whereabouts. It is difficult enough under ordinary conditions, and when all the senses must be alert to detect the presence of hostile prowlers it becomes more complex. Théophile's situation was made still more delicate by the fact that he was equally desirous of avoiding friend and foe.

To the descendant of the veterans of Auerstädt and Gravelotte this fearsome crawling through the quarter-mile of broken, weed-grown ground which lay between the opposing lines was a wonderful experience. Théophile's soul was fairly exalted. At times he frowned portentously into the night at some fancied sound, at others he laid his hand on the handle of the knife in his belt—a fearsome weapon enough, but a sad handicap to swift and effective crawling. He experienced not the slightest tremor of fear; the courage of Théophile Gelas was perfectly genuine.

At the end of a splendid three-quarters of an hour, however, he discovered that by dint of scrambling on all fours in a hundred different directions he was completely lost.

"*Tiens!*" he exclaimed, in some concern, "I am as likely to crawl into the Boche lines as my own, and I will cook no breakfast for German stomachs. It is a great pity!"

It became necessary to do something, to make some sort of a plan. Thus far—due really to the fact that he had spent most of his time almost exactly midway between the opposing lines—he had encountered no one. He considered his predicament soberly, but without real uneasiness.

"*Eh, bien!*" he concluded; "I shall crawl in one direction.

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If it is the right one, *tout va bien!* If it isn't, then I shall discover my error, turn round, and crawl the other way. It is simple."

And straightway he set about it. Fate decreed that he should set about crawling straight for the German lines and that his course should cross that of no friendly parties. At the end of some minutes his sharp ears caught faint sounds in the darkness ahead of him. He stopped and listened. A gruff word reached him. He tingled.

"Boches!" he exclaimed, under his breath.

Now the course of prudence would have been a swift retreat. Théophile had secured the desired information. He knew where he was—which was exactly where he ought not to have been. But the dictates of prudence at the moment were without weight in Théophile's mind.

"Boches!" he repeated. "Now what devil's business are they about? Let us see."

So he crawled briskly forward, fell into a shell crater, struck his head upon a stone, and vanished temporarily from the land of conscious creatures.

Had he pitched headlong ten minutes later he would have fallen upon the point of a German bayonet. As it was, he fell into the shell crater some minutes before the German occupied it. For the space of some five minutes the two men lay in the darkness within a few feet of each other, each unaware of the other's presence—Théophile because he had not yet recovered his senses, the German because he had a severe cold in his head and his hearing was affected to an extent which should have kept him from duty of this sort.

By a further dispensation of Providence no star shells or rockets lighted up this particular quarter of the field during this important interval in Théophile's history.

M. Gelas was, happily, one of those creatures who wake from sound sleep noiselessly and come into instant possession of their faculties. He emerged from unconsciousness in the same fashion; one instant he was an inert mass, the next he was wide-eyed, his mind unclouded, and in his ears the noisy breathing of the German.

Théophile's head pained him excruciatingly, but he did not think of it. In his mind was no doubt. Within a few feet of him was one of the detested foe. There was but one course open. His movements were noiseless. An instant later the knife was in his hand and he was creeping forward.

It was a German star-shell which burst into brilliance overhead, showing the German his fate and Théophile his victim. The helmeted figure made a move to save himself, but it was a case of hare and tortoise. For an affair of the kind Théophile's knife was worth a dozen bayonets.

Even then Théophile did not withdraw. Something that he heard made him pause, made him at the same instant understand why the German had been set to watch the shell crater. The noise which he heard was muffled, regular, sinister. It came, not from any point in the surrounding darkness, but from underneath. Below his feet the Germans were tunneling their way toward the French lines!

For some minutes Théophile lay and listened, fairly holding his breath. There could be no mistake; the muffled sounds which reached him were certainly caused by pick and shovel.

"It is the moment for retreat," decided Théophile.

But once more matters were taken entirely out of his hands. At the precise instant that he decided upon withdrawal a line of crimson flashes spurted out into the darkness from the German lines, and there was an answering rattle of firing from the French. Unfortunately for the cook, this burst of night firing was not sporadic, as are most of them. It was to the interests of those mining operations on whose existence Théophile had stumbled that French patrols be kept to their own lines, and this was best effected by raking the neutral ground with persistent rifle and machine-gun fire.

It was a few minutes after midnight when the venturesome cook fell into the shell hole, perhaps a quarter to one when the German fire burst out. From that moment until the clear light of the summer morning broke over the trenches the firing was steady. Between Théophile and retreat had been erected an insuperable barrier of flying metal. He could do nothing but hug the ground and wait.

As a matter of course, Théophile's mysterious disappearance was discovered at the hour when he usually commenced his preparations for breakfast, and the news of it spread through the company.

The sergeant to whom Théophile had spoken had seen him going up toward the trenches. No other man had marked his presence there, none had seen him return. The thing was a mystery superior, in conversational value, to the sudden outcropping of violent firing on the part of the foe.

Breakfast passed, the German fire fell, but Théophile did not appear.

"I had rather," confessed Captain Falette, as he grimaced over coffee which was not of Théophile's making, "have lost any six men in the company!"

With the coming of daylight Théophile examined his position. It had advantages and disadvantages which were obvious at a glance. The shell crater which had sheltered him was much higher on the side toward the Germans than in the other direction. So long as he lay still he was invisible to the foe.

But the ground between the two lines of trenches had a decided slope, and this slope was toward the French lines. Moreover, there was a deplorable and complete lack of cover. For him to attempt to reach his own lines in the full light of day was nothing less than suicide.

And Théophile knew the importance of his return to his own lines. His own safety was a matter of no consequence. The soul of a Gelas is above such considerations. But he knew how important it was that word of those strange subterranean sounds reach the French lines without delay. He *had* to get back!

"Since I am neither a bird nor a mole," Théophile decided philosophically, "I can get back neither by flying nor by burrowing. And if I try to crawl I shall be slain by at least a million bullets before I have gone ten meters. It is desolating!"

He put his head on his hand and thought. His thinking was stimulated by a French shell which, falling short, burst in uncomfortable proximity to his position.

"Manifestly," muttered the unfortunate cook, "it is essential that my friends know where I am while the Boche remains in ignorance, or I shall be slain. Let us consider!"

At the end of three minutes—during which two other French shells descended—he slapped his leg with a joyful exclamation.

"But, of course!" he exclaimed, and commenced to unbutton his gaiters.

"Something moved out there!" exclaimed a sentry at a loophole.

A sergeant drew near and peered out. At least three hundred yards away he could see something, something bright red, being waved with every appearance of caution. The thing which waved it was invisible. The strange object appeared to wave itself close to the ground.

"*Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?*" exclaimed the perplexed sergeant, and summoned an officer.

The officer used his binoculars, frowned, used them again, frowned more deeply, and exclaimed:

"It is incredible, but it is true! That fluttering thing is a pair of the old-issue red trousers!"

In one voice the sergeant and the soldiers within hearing exclaimed:

"Théophile!"

"*Comment?*" demanded the officer.

There were hasty and vociferous explanations. Shortly afterwards messages were sent to the officer who commanded the busy batteries requesting that he keep his shells off a certain square on his map. That same night, as soon as it was dark, a strong party crept out toward Théophile's enforced place of concealment.

Prompt as they were, he met them nearly half-way. His progress was slow because he was burdened with a German helmet, a German rifle, a German water-bottle, and a German haversack. His first speech upon meeting his rescuers was characteristic:

"It is no wonder," he declared, "that the Prussian is a dog.

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He is fed like one. To-day I have subsisted on a Boche's ration. *Nom d'un pipe*, what food!"

He was received in his own lines with something approaching an ovation. Men went without their sleep to witness his arrival. In the German lines it was thought that the French were cheering the tidings of a victory at some other part of the front.

But Théophile wasted no time. He took his precious information straight to Captain Falette, who received it with sober face.

Two consequences are worthy of comment. Two nights later the German mining operations were brought to a noisy and tragic close which was visible for miles. The next day a special order was issued from regimental headquarters.

Private Théophile Gelas, cook, was commended for coolness and distinguished conduct. He was also permitted, on occasions when the regiment was paraded, to appear in scarlet trousers!

Théophile was peeling potatoes. The same soldier was assisting him, piling freshly gathered wood. Théophile regarded him with a superior air.

"Is it possible," he asked finally, "that you cling to your opinions in the matter of trousers?"

"I am silent," declared the infantryman.

Théophile nodded with profound satisfaction.

"A good uniform," he declared, oracularly, "has an infinity of uses!"

"GETTING TOGETHER"

WHAT THE AMERICAN BLUEJACKET THINKS OF BRITAIN AND THE BRITISH[1]

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN

LIEUTENANT ROYAL NAVY VOLUNTEER RESERVE

THE scroll of human experience has been unrolling at rather a dizzy rate for both the American soldier and sailor. But it has seemed to me to be the latter—probably because he has somewhat more time to "sit and think" than the former—that has gone the furthest in the orderly pigeonholing of his impressions. All the spirit of the soldier's being has been concentrated on his preparation for "licking the Boche." In mind and body he has fitted himself for his grim task, and his outlook on life and things generally has been not uncolored by the red mist that deepened before his eyes as the time of his big moment approached. With the sailor it is different. Although, first and last, the part that he has been playing in winning through is every bit as important as that of the soldier, his hate of the Hun is rather more impersonal, and he is less inclined to have his moments of "seeing red" than is the Yankee soldier. It is this fact that has made the American sailor a rather more detached and unbiased observer of the things the war drama has unrolled before him than is the soldier.

"How do things look to you after more than a year of real war?" I asked a tall youth in blue jeans and a gray sleeveless sweater whom I found tinkering with the sights of the forecastle gun of the destroyer in which I chanced to be out for a few days at the time. The question was merely an ingratiating attempt to get acquainted on my part, and was ventured with no expectation of drawing a serious answer. I was not as familiar then as I have become since with the material they are making the young Yankee sailor of, however. He turned on me a keen eye, with wrinkles at the corners which I was quite right in surmising had come there through gazing at heat waves dancing along broad horizons long before he had squinted down the sight of a naval gun. My diagnosis of "Texas cowboy" only missed the truth by the difference between that and an "Oklahoma oil driller with a 'varsity education and a ranch of his own."

He leaned back easily with an arm over the gun-breech (where a British bluejacket under similar circumstances would have stiffened at once to attention), and yet there was nothing familiar or disrespectful in his attitude. "It looks to me like two or three things," he said after a moment of wrinkling his tanned brow as he collected his thoughts. "It looks to me as though these waters hereabouts were not going to be exactly a happy hunting-ground for the U-boat now that we're beginning to savvy the game good and proper. That's one thing. Another thing: It looks like Americans—or at least those of us as have come across to this side—are going to have a fair chance to discover that the natives of these little islands are more or less the same kind of animals the Yanks are, after all. We've never had that chance in the last hundred and forty years. Instead, we've been taught from our cradles to nurse a grudge that was really wiped out when we licked them—or such forces as they could send across then—and set up business on our own account in '76. And one more thing: It looks as if Americans were at last getting off their blinkers in the matter of the Irish; that they are beginning to understand that these—but, excuse me, sir [he turned and started adjusting the sighting mechanism again]; I just saw the captain come up on the bridge, and I don't like to swear too freely in his hearing. And a man can't talk about this end of Ireland—or leastways about the way it's acted about the war—without swearing."

These offhand observations come pretty near to epitomizing the several salient ideas that have been crystallizing in the mind of the American sailor in the course of his year or more of active service in the war. If he is on a destroyer or submarine operating against the U-boat, he knows full well what has been done in turning the little neck of the Atlantic where he works into what may well be termed a "marine hell" for the pirates. If he is in one or the other of these branches of the service, too, the fact that he has based in a south of Ireland port has given him a liberal education in the affairs of that "disthreshful country" and stirred in him the deepest abomination of Sinn Fein, all it stands for, and all who stand for it. A growing impatience and distrust of all professional politicians is common to the officers and men of all the American ships on this side and bodes as hopefully for the future as does a similar feeling that is becoming increasingly evident in both the British army and navy.

But most profound of all the emotions stirred in the breast of the American sailor by the war and the new knowledge the war has brought him is undoubtedly his awakening sympathy and admiration for the British and Great Britain. The picture the most of him brought over of the Briton was a sort of hazy composite built up of what his school histories told him about George the Third's soldiers and of what he himself had seen of the Briton—as represented on the American stage and in the funny papers. If he was a man of two or three enlistments—and these, because the great dilution of new men has become imperative with the expansion of the navy, are not encountered very often—the effect of the composite was heightened by a picture of a British bluejacket as the American had met him on the water-front of this or that foreign port. It goes without saying that the incarnation of that kind of a composite didn't seem a very promising individual for the Yankee sailor to make friends with. This creature of fancy was a male, of course. What the female of the species was he had an even hazier idea, and that there was really nothing to speak of to differentiate her from the girl, sister, or mother he had left behind him he never dreamed. Considering that this is the way things looked to him at the outset—and the picture is not in the least exaggerated—one cannot but feel that the American sailor has made most gratifying progress in correcting his perspective in a comparatively limited time and with few opportunities.

The sailors of the American battleships of the Grand Fleet—

[1] This article was written before the armistice, but its point and interest are in no way diminished by that fact.—THE EDITORS.

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always on guard at its isolated base, and able to grant scant and infrequent leave to any one serving in it—have had less chance to see the country and its people than have their mates of the destroyers and submarines, whose bases have been more convenient to England and with chances of leave turning up rather oftener. Their main, almost their only, point of contact, therefore, has been the British bluejacket. Everything considered, perhaps there could not have been a better one. No finer, and yet more fairly characteristic, cross-section of the British people could be revealed than that shown by the personnel of the Royal Navy, from stoker or seaman to commander-in-chief. There is no class by which the Briton himself should be prouder to be judged.

I have already written of the mixed feelings of curiosity and interest with which the British bluejackets awaited their first intimate meeting with the Yanks. It was no whit different on the part of the latter. With the northern base swept by its more or less unending succession of winter storms, there was not much chance for personal contact in the first few months after the Americans came over, and before better weather and lengthening spring days gave opportunity for inter-fleet visits and foregatherings ashore the men of both navies had had a good many chances to see each other handling their ships. From that alone a deep mutual respect was born, and it was on that solid foundation that the present astonishingly friendly relations between the men of the two Allied navies are based. The British, with four years of war experience behind them, were doing things with their ships, quite in the ordinary course of the day's work, that the Americans had never reckoned on attempting save in emergency. The shooting and the general efficiency of the British ships under the arduous North Sea winter conditions deepened and broadened the respect and admiration of the Americans the more they saw of it and the more they discovered the extent to which they would have to exert and outdo themselves to equal it. The feeling of the American bluejacket on this score was concisely but comprehensively expressed by an old Yankee man-o-war's man—one of the few real veterans I have encountered on this side—with whom I had a yarn not long after the arrival of U. S. S. ——.

Coming in from a "big-gun shoot," the American squadron had sighted a squadron of British battle-cruisers carrying out a series of intricate maneuvers with destroyers at a speed which would have been reckoned as suicidal as late as a year or two ago, and which there is little doubt would not be attempted outside of the Grand Fleet even to-day. The sun-pickled "phiz" of the old sea-dog crinkled with a grin of sheer delight and wonder as the lean cruisers, each a mass of turrets, funnels, and tripod mast between the tossed bow wave and foaming wake, dashed in and out of the spreading smoke-screens with a unity of movement that might have been animated by the pull of a single string. Then, when to cap the climax the speeding warships opened up with their heavies and began to straddle a target that was teetering along on the edge of the sky-line ten or twelve miles away, he gave his broad thigh a resounding slap and turned to me with:

"By cripes, things do move, believe me! I was on the Oregon when we chased old Cervera's ships up the Cuba coast in the Spanish War, and we were nigh to busting our boilers doing half the speed of them battle-cruisers. And as for keeping station—it was just a case of devil take the hindmost. But these Johnnies here would go straight through a scrap just as they're playing that little game over there. By cracky, I takes off my hat to them! They're sure on the job, and you just bet that's good enough for us."

I think that if I were asked to sum up very briefly just what the American bluejacket thinks of the ships of the Grand Fleet and the men who man them, I would simply quote those final words—"They're sure on the job, and you just bet that's good enough for us."

With this foundation of respect and admiration to stand on once established, there was little to worry about on the score of personal relations. Both were as bashful as children on the occasions of their first tentative inter-ship visits, but this quickly wore off when they found that they both spoke the same language, and it was not very far from that to the "palling" stage. Then they began to box and play occasional games of "soccer" together, and, where either could not play the other's sport, to give attention to baseball or "rugger," as the case might be, with the idea of trying to find out for themselves what there really was in the other man's game. This is still going on, and British sailors with baseball bats and gloves, or Yankee tars with cricket bats and shin pads, are becoming commoner and commoner sights at the recreation grounds in the vicinity of the northern bases.

I have already told how the feeling of the British bluejacket for the Yankee "gob"—as the latter appears to like to be called—changed from one of aloof curiosity through a mild sort of "liking" to active affection; and to describe how the American's feelings have run the same gamut would be merely to tell the story in reverse. But I cannot refrain from setting down the personal tribute of one "gob" in particular to British bluejackets in general, for, in its way, it is quite as typical as the words I have quoted respecting the old Yankee gunner's estimate of the Grand Fleet.

The "gob" in question had been born on or very near the Bowery, but seven years in the Navy had obliterated all traces but the accent. He was a stoker, and as the champion "light-heavy" of the American squadron was being put on in an occasional special bout in the course of the British squadron eliminations. In spite of the fact that the British box only three rounds, where the American Navy had been boxing six, and a number of other variations in rules, he had done extremely well, having lost but a single bout, and that by being slightly outpointed. He was still nursing a black eye from this latter contest—in which his sportsmanlike conduct no less than his cleverness had won the admiration of every one present—when I asked him if he had been satisfied with the decision. "Poifickly," was the instant reply. "He had too much steam for me from the first gong; but I'll do better when I've woiked out a li'l' longer to go the three 'stead o' the six round course. Wot do I t'ink o' the British as sports? Say, they's the best ever. They's more than just gent'men. They's reg'lar fellers, take it from me, and wot more can you ask than that?"

If the Yankee sailor has any superlative beyond "regular feller" to apply to a mate who has met with his approval, I have yet to learn what it is.

The men of the American destroyers and submarines, working more by themselves than the battleships with the Grand Fleet, have seen rather less of the British bluejacket and—with better opportunities for London leave—more of the British civilians than their mates in the latter units. They have all found much to entertain and interest them in Liverpool, London, Glasgow, and the other large cities they have visited. They have enjoyed the theaters and art galleries, and are very appreciative of the various canteens that have been provided for their comfort. But it has been none of these that has made the greatest appeal to them, but rather those at first rare but now increasingly frequent visits to an English or a Scottish home. I don't mean the boat-on-the-river-with-band and the tea-party-on-the-lawn-of-some-ancestral-castle kind of thing, which are all very well as far as they go; but rather the quiet, unostentatious hospitality of a British home of somewhere near the same class as the visitor comes from in the States. This kind of kindness has gone straight to the heart. The Yankee sailor lad is a good deal more of a "mother's boy" than he will ever admit to any one save possibly some other boy's mother, and I have heard two or three pretty swaggery young "gobs" speak with rather more than a suggestion of a catch in their voices of the kindness that has been shown them—of the things they have seen and heard and learned—in one of these visits to a British home.

One day a quartermaster—his folding bed was triced up next to mine in the forward torpedo-flat, and we had fallen into the habit of exchanging confidences in the long, quiet hours of submergence—of the American submarine in which I was recently out on its regular North Atlantic patrol told me how much the visit he had been privileged to make to a little English home in Liverpool had meant to him. And presently, after a pause, as though the thought of one had awakened the thought of the other in his mind, he told me of something else he had seen on one of his leave trips.

"I happened to be in Cork for a few hours on my way through," he said. "We are not allowed to visit there, you

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Belgian U. S. A. Official Photograph from Underwood & Underwood

THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF KING ALBERT AND QUEEN ELIZABETH OF BELGIUM INTO BRUGES, NOVEMBER 14

The King and Queen, accompanied by Prince Leopold, the heir apparent, are seen on the steps of the Town Hall, which was surrounded by a great crowd of cheering citizens. Scenes similar to this were witnessed in many parts of Belgium, wherever the King and Queen appeared among the loyal Belgians whose heroism withstood the initial assaults of German militarism on the freedom of the world, and who have now seen their country's liberation

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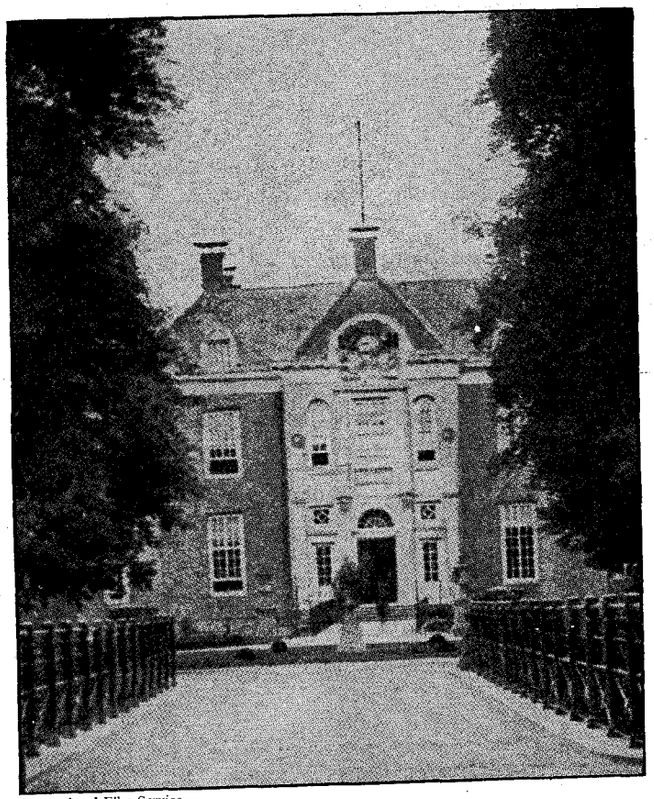
A "VICTORY PARADE" SHOWING ONE OF THE MEN WHO ORGANIZED VICTORY AND SOME OF THE MEN WHO FOUGHT FOR IT

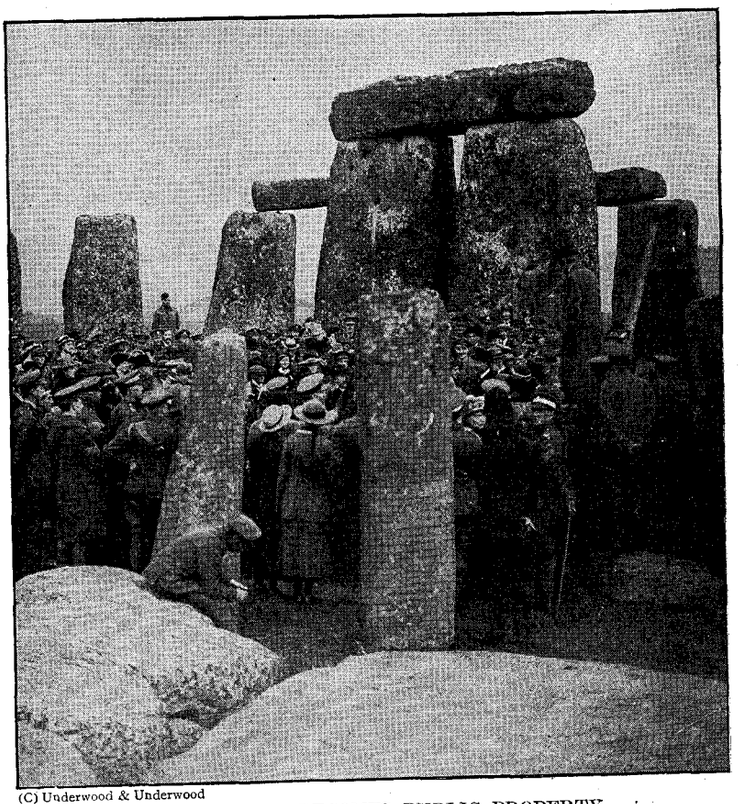
Secretary Daniels, at the left, is shaking hands with one of the sailor boys who was "over there" and was wounded, while one of his mates, similarly distinguished, is waiting his turn to greet the Secretary of the Navy



International Film Service

THE EX-KAISER'S RESIDENCE IN HOLLAND

This is Middachten Castle at Amerongen, where the former War Lord is living in exile as the guest of Count von Bentinck, under guard of the Dutch military authorities



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STONEHENGE BECOMES PUBLIC PROPERTY

The great prehistoric remains at Stonehenge, England, have been given to the English people by a private owner, Mr. Chubb. These huge monoliths are supposed to have been made by the Druids

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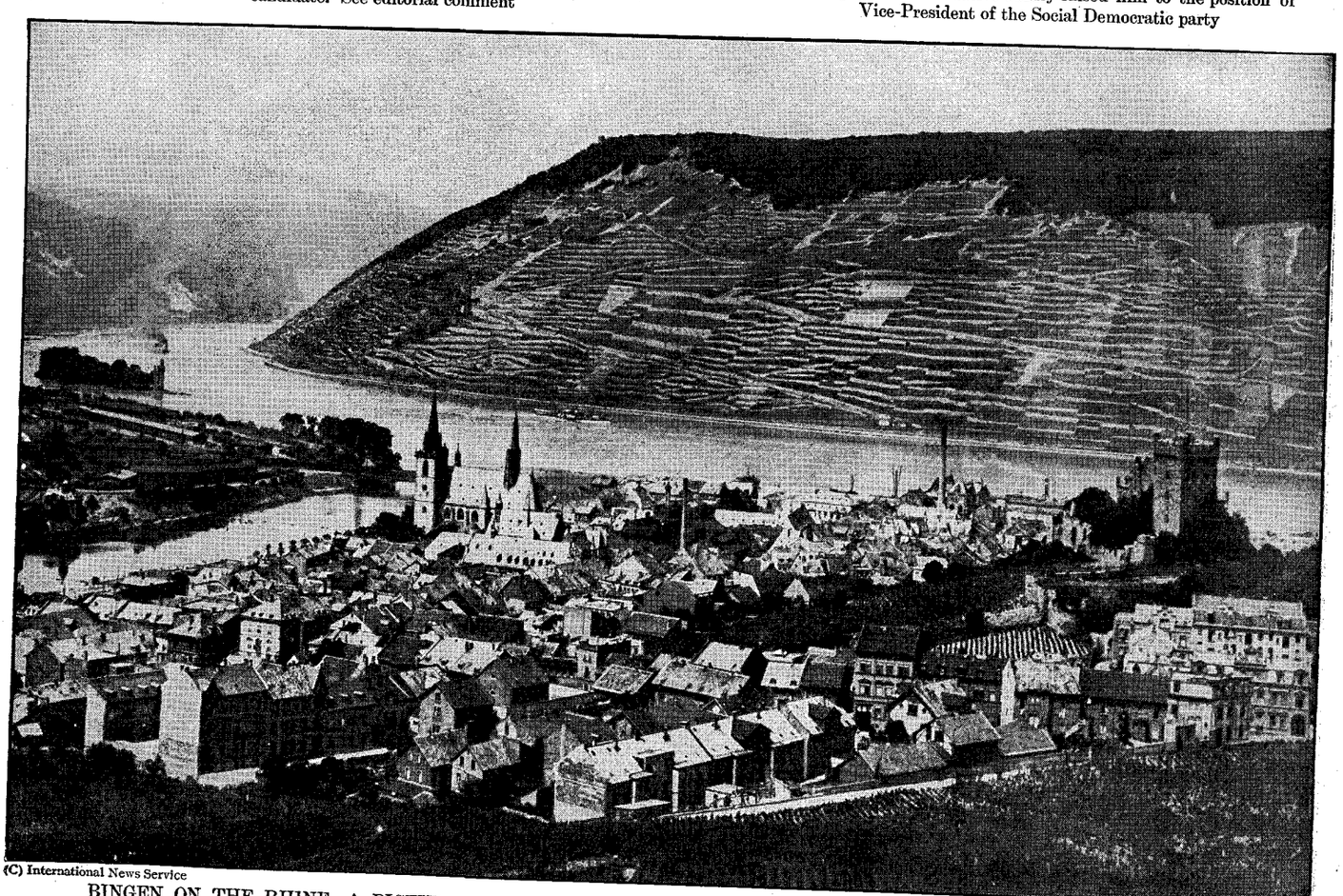
CALVIN COOLIDGE, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF MASSACHUSETTS

Mr. Coolidge, who has occupied the position of Lieutenant-Governor, was elected Governor by a plurality of about 8,000, defeating Richard H. Long, the Democratic candidate. See editorial comment

Press Illustrating Service

EBERT, SOCIALIST CHANCELLOR OF GERMANY

Friedrich Ebert is said to have been a harness-maker; his genial presence and native ability raised him to the position of Vice-President of the Social Democratic party



(C) International News Service

BINGEN ON THE RHINE, A PICTURESQUE TOWN TO BE OCCUPIED, IT IS ANNOUNCED, BY AMERICAN SOLDIERS

Bingen is probably associated in the minds of most mature Americans with the well-known poem beginning "A soldier of the legion lay dying in Algiers" (written by an Englishwoman, Caroline E. Norton); it is better known to the younger generation through a popular war song—"Bing, bang, bing 'em on the Rhine!" Note the terraces on the opposite bank of the river, the location of vineyards from whose grapes some of the celebrated Rhine wine is produced

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know, for fear that we may be tempted to beat up a few Sinn Feiners; but if we are marooned there waiting for a connection there is nothing against our strolling about the town. Well, just at one end of the main bridge across the River Lee they have the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack floating side by side from the top of one of the iron poles of the electric-car line. I don't know whose idea it was, except that the Sinn Feiners had nothing to do with it. Now the ordinary way to have handled them would have been to bend each flag to separate halyards and to hoist and lower independently. But some man with a head on his shoulders (possibly he had been a sailor) evidently had the run of the show, and what had been done was this: Taking two crosspieces, he had bent the flags to the two lines joining their ends. Then a single halyard rigged to run over a block to the upper crosspiece hoisted and lowered the two flags, always side by side, at one operation. Well, now, looking at that, it chanced that I seemed to see something more than a very neat little contrivance for saving time in handling a couple of squares of colored bunting. It seemed to me that it stood for a sort of symbol of the fact that the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack are being rigged to fly together for a good many years; and that they aren't going to be able to lower one without bringing down the other."

I do not know how many of the men of the American ships at the Irish bases have seen that particular little "bunting hoist," but I do know that the sentiment my young submarine friend read into it finds an echo in the breast of practically every one of them.

THE RETURNED DISABLED SOLDIER

WHAT OF OUR ATTITUDE TOWARD HIM?

BY GARRARD HARRIS

OF THE FEDERAL BOARD FOR VOCATIONAL EDUCATION

IN the enactment of the law authorizing the vocational re-education and rehabilitation of disabled soldiers and sailors Congress felt that it was voicing the general attitude of the people of this Republic, who believed in extending, not charity, but a chance, to the men who lost their earning capacity and sacrificed their future for their country's good.

Certainly all indications were that this conception of the public mind was the correct one; the utterances of newspapers, magazines, publicists, from every section and region, confirmed the position taken by our National lawmakers. There was a remarkable unanimity of opinion, not in regard to the precise method to be adopted, for that itself has been largely an evolution, but for so arranging matters that the very best and most advantageous things possible to be done for the disabled men should be done.

Acting upon this ascertained condition of the public mind, the members of Congress wrought a law based upon the broad wish of the American people, but intrusted its execution to a competent agency with sufficient freedom of action and latitude in which to use discretion, and to take advantage of improvements and the results of experience both at home and abroad. The only fixed and definite command was that the disabled men were to have the best advantages obtainable in retraining, and were to be given a fair chance to make good in the lines for which they have, through specialized re-education, been qualified.

At all times the success of the programme is largely dependent upon the active and sustained interest of the public, and especially in the final realization of results. The public mind is, after all, but the composite reflection of many individual minds, and in proportion as the individual intelligence shines is the public interest bright or dim.

This influence of the general mind and its consequent effects upon this work may be illustrated by the case of a badly injured soldier who will receive a pension for almost total disability, say between $75 and $100 per month. His one great desire is to get out of the hospital and back to his family. He does not respond to suggestions from the vocational adviser that he take up a course of training which will enable him to supplement his pension and probably earn as much or more in addition to it. He feels that he has "done his bit," and should not be expected to work at anything. His idea is to settle down and exist upon the pension awarded him. If he learns through the public prints, from visitors, from people he meets, from relatives and others interested in him, that his conception is wholly wrong, that he is running counter to public opinion, and that, notwithstanding his grievous condition, as long as he has life and a measure of potential ability he has duties of citizenship, he will undoubtedly be amenable to reason.

If he learns that the unanimous verdict is that he is a "quitter" because he has dropped the fine spirit of the brave soldier to become a querulous, complaining, utterly idle pensioner, refusing to make the most of his remaining capabilities, indifferent alike to his dependents, his community, and himself, very shame will overcome his selfish and narrow conception and cause him to follow that course best for himself and his community.

Or else the temptation is great to go into some immediate, sinecure job, offered in the flood-tide of patriotism and while the war spirit is high. These things pass to some extent. In the long and lean after years of peace, when the fight is transferred from the fields of France and Flanders to the sniping warfare for daily existence, what of the incapacitated man who cannot render value received in some particular line—he who has nothing but an empty sleeve or scarred body or disease-racked system—can he survive economically? Manifestly not in the race with an expert in a particular line, created out of a similarly disabled man by vocational retraining. The man with no expert knowledge of anything is at a tremendous disadvantage. Inevitably, in course of time he will be compelled to fall back upon his relatives or the public for support. The man must be made to see this and realize it as the public realizes it, and the time to make him see it is before he leaves the hospital and becomes a "drifter" in civil life.

The result will be that, instead of a pensioned idler, the man becomes a highly trained workman, earning good wages. His family will not suffer by reason of an inadequate income supplied only by the pension; they are comfortably supported and living under proper conditions. His children are not compelled at an early age to find employment with which to eke out the family revenue, thereby jeopardizing their education and prospects of the right mental training to insure a fair chance in life's struggle. He is a respected member of his community—one who has brought to the problems and battles of daily existence his experience in other battles, his ability to command himself and overcome his inclination to a life of pensioned idleness.

So much for the effect of the public mind upon the disabled individual, acting as a spur to his manhood, his conscience, and his sense of duty. This is the first and primary result. It can be achieved, however, only where the public mind goes further than the mere urging and advising of the soldier. It must be more than a lip service, and never be tainted with the condescending attitude of a superior. The public view must be crystallized into a consistent course of conduct, which for those individuals affected in the general mass should be as sharply defined and certain as it is in regard to the soldier himself.

The public mind—that is to say, the local community mind—must focus upon what the disabled man can do, and not, as usually inclined, upon what he cannot do. It is best to cease regarding him in terms of disability, but to visualize and appreciate his remaining capacities, which are often, by reason of specialized education and development, vastly more valuable to him than those he lost. We do not judge a man's worth or ability in a given line by the color of his eyes or hair; why should we persist in regarding as an incapable and an object of semi-charity a man who has lost his legs but has

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been trained, say, as a tailor? A tailor does not sew with his feet. The presence or absence of feet has nothing to do with what the man is actually able to accomplish with his arms and hands. And so on through a long list of disabilities.

Nor should, on the other hand, a man be put down as a maligner or impostor because he bears no visible evidence of violent injury. Up to October, 1918, thirty-six per cent of the claims for pensions presented to the War Risk Insurance Bureau were for tuberculosis contracted or developed in service. Is a man with arrested or persistent tuberculosis, contracted in a foul hole burrowed in a trench wall, or when herded in barracks, any less to be respected than the man who has merely lost an arm? The menace of the insidious disease is never entirely removed. A lessening of vitality—and it has pounced upon him like the lurking cougar from the limb over the path; whereas merely lacerated flesh and bone soon heal and are done with. A man with tuberculosis may be prevented from returning to his well-paid place as bookkeeper, his office, or his indoor trade, and forced, in order to live, to take up the growing and vending of vegetables, or raising chickens, or small farming. It all goes to show that appearances, the great superficial American standard (and curse) of the past, are utterly worthless.

It is quite conceivable also that the expert tailor may not be a good hand at pushing his business, and his lack of legs may be a handicap to him in promoting his trade. It is in realizing this and neutralizing it that the public can render patriotic service by giving him preference. Or the poor fellow who is trying to dispose of his vegetables may not be able to grade them as exactly or prepare them for the market as attractively as those in the greengrocers' establishments, from long-established farms where there is ample experienced labor and the fine points of getting the goods on the market are an old story, but one which the disabled soldier has to learn. Is it asking too much of the housewives to give his vegetables the preference? And so on down the line. These men do not want charity—all they want is a chance. Are we not going to give it to them and keep it up as long as is necessary?

We as a people are much given to fine fervors of enthusiasm. We commit ourselves to a course, and order this or that done in furtherance of it. We continue our lively interest for a while, but as the novelty palls we pass on to other things, vaguely assuming that what we have decreed or commanded will be self-executing and somehow or in some way will function according to our desires and aims. Frequently we are shocked to ascertain afterwards that something has happened to prevent the realization. The net result usually is that we look for a scapegoat, quite forgetting or overlooking the fact that the responsibility is upon us, the people, individually and collectively; we minimize the fact that, because of over-optimism, overconfidence, lack of attention, and failure to cultivate a systematic interest, our original ambitions have been frustrated.

The average citizen would indignantly deny the assertion that he will abate his interest in the welfare of the disabled soldiers or fail to be at all times the advocate and champion of these men. Yet it is hardly a matter of controversy that he will unconsciously allow his interest to become dormant in course of time, and depend more or less upon others for leadership and action in proving faith by the more substantial and visible works. It is just this sort of easy-going optimism that we must guard against, for in the lessening of vigilant and individual interest community effectiveness suffers. In the weakening of the local community standard the whole rehabilitation programme begins to disintegrate. The foundation upon which the National Government has sought to build a permanent citadel of refuge for its disabled fighting men is proved insecure. Presently the new walls of the edifice are crumbling, leaving the whole a melancholy monument to justice unsustained—good intentions which failed by reason of indifference and lack of individual appreciation of responsibility.

This individual interest must be directed toward all those who can possibly be brought in contact with the injured retrained men. Employers of labor must be made to feel the weight of public conviction which holds them under moral obligation to open their shops or factories to disabled men who may be qualified for their particular line of work. Those employers, if any there be, who would seek to exploit the disabled through discrimination in wages for work as good as that of uninjured men, or otherwise, should be smitten with the scorpion lash of public scorn and condemnation. If possible the goods of such should be boycotted, the offender made to feel himself a pariah indeed, his name anathema and a warning to others who would coin the disadvantages or helplessness of these disabled men who are putting up a brave fight to sustain themselves as civilians. Similarly, the employers who give a fair chance and a square deal to the retrained men should be sustained by public opinion, and the more substantial evidence of approval accorded. The disabled man who has been retrained and set up in business for himself—the shoemaker, cabinet and furniture maker, tinsmith, tailor, market gardener, poultryman, dairyman, and the like, should be given a preference in patronage where either workmanship or quality is equal—and it is to be presumed that these men will be as good in their particular lines as any others, the re-educational aim of the Federal Board being to produce competent men only.

In other words, the people who have remained at home backing up the armies with money and munitions should feel a keen comradeship with the soldiers from the front, for they are in fact and in truth all soldiers in a glorious common cause, each serving according to his or her ability and fitness. The child who has saved and denied himself or herself purchasable delights and invested the fruits of that denial in Thrift Stamps is as truly a soldier as the man who fired toward Berlin cartridges bought with the savings of that child! Each serves according to his capabilities.

Our non-uniformed soldiers who have served to the best of their capacity should feel at one with the man from the front. Toward the disabled soldier they should feel only that he has by fortunate circumstances been able to give more, to give of his very self and blood instead merely of his possessions or a lesser service. When he was wounded and helpless, lying in No Man's Land, slowly perishing for want of assistance, his comrades risked a thousand forms of death and brought him back to safety. They did it unselfishly, gladly, and as a privilege. They needed no orders, no suggestions, no exhortation. It was the spontaneous feeling of comradeship, the *esprit du corps*, the instant recognition of brotherhood in a common cause and duty beyond mere regulations. The menace of death itself could not hold them back; the thought of self was as base as the bloody mud about their feet. It was a sublime privilege to make the sacrifice, if need be—an exaltation of spirit and a transcending of the command, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," for no man would have voluntarily gone out into that Golgotha on a mission of his own.

So it is the duty of the soldiers who have fought the good fight here at home, whether by sweating under the blazing sun to see that the armies were fed, or by denying themselves and furnishing funds, or by more direct form of service, to cultivate that same conception of oneness with the fighting man, that readiness to stand by him and for him, to rescue him and aid him in disaster, to march side by side with him in fair weather as in foul. The disabled man who is putting up a glorious fight against adverse circumstances must not be allowed to perish out in the No Man's Land of selfish indifference here at home. We must be as ready for rescue as the powder-grimed, bloody fighters were in the advanced trenches. We have no bullets to face, no shells, no mines; but the enemy barbed-wire entanglements of selfishness, the insidious poison gas of indifference, we must fight across and over and under and against every day—a Hindenburg line it is given to few of us to smash utterly.

Such should be the attitude toward the disabled man. He is our brother, our more privileged comrade and proxy, the man to whom was given the power and the glory of doing on the actual battlefield what each of us in his heart fervently wished he could do. We should not overwhelm him with ill-considered adulation for a while and then forget him, nor turn his head with flattery for having done his duty; but there should be that brotherly recognition accorded him which is deeper and more lasting than the mere enthusiastic acclaim given returning successful warriors to the home and headquarters of the real Grand Army of the Republic, in which every loyal citizen is upon the muster rolls!

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"SOMETHING IN THE AIR"

BY WILLIAM L. STIDGER

THE gendarmes from the French police stations came rushing into the mess-room at headquarters, yelling and gesticulating.

We couldn't understand enough French to know what was the matter, but somebody guessed that they were excited because our lights were burning and shining out through the windows when an air raid was on.

"Guess I do remember of having heard that old tocsin about ten minutes ago," one man said, nonchalantly.

"And I heard the siren about an hour ago, I should say. I thought the blamed raid was over!"

The reason why we had thought the raid was over was that at the first alarm one of the men in the room had sat down at the piano just after supper and had started playing the old-time songs. First he played "Annie Laurie," and the crowd sang themselves hoarse on this. Then came "Old Black Joe" and "My Old Kentucky Home," and finally "Love's Old Sweet Song," over and over and over again. That crowd of twenty dirty, muddy men had forgotten that there was an air raid. They did not even know the thing that the gendarmes knew and everybody else in town—that a bomb had dropped on this street while they were singing and had shattered a house into bits.

"Come on, Doc; it's 'down the line' again for us to-night," said the big husky with whom I worked.

I felt like complaining. Three trips down the line in one day I thought was enough for ordinary human beings to be asked to take, and then to add a night trip with the probabilities of not getting back until two in the morning to the sum total of an already full day's work seemed a bit heavy to me. But here was a man much older than I bucking up to it with a smile, and his smile was contagious.

Before I knew it we were lumbering out of the town in our great truck, gliding along the heavily burdened French roads with our truck full of provisions for the lads down at M——, our front-line hut.

This hut was built down under the ground in the cellar of an old stone house. All but the cellar had long since been shelled away by the Boche's batteries, and every day he tried to get this cellar, but it seemed to bear a charmed life. The night was beautiful and the sky was full of stars.

"Great night for an air raid along this road. The Boche would like to get that train of supplies going there, for instance," the big man beside me said, with a comforting grin.

"Or that ammunition dump over there in the field," he added, and I looked to where he pointed and saw, under a camouflage covering of green, moss-like material that from airplanes looks like green grass—

"Bang!" a roar greeted my astonished ears and a flare of light shot into the sky, lighting it up as if day had suddenly burst on the earth. The one thing that I thought of for the next ten minutes was the steel mills at Pittsburgh with the blast-furnaces in full tilt and great molten streams of metal flowing here and there. A Boche shell had struck the very ammunition dump toward which our attention had been attracted, and there was considerable celebration just there for a few minutes. Fortunately for us, the shell had struck in one corner of the dump and had set only the Verey lights and rockets off. No shells had exploded.

I think that we made about sixty miles an hour on high for the next ten minutes. We both seemed to have an instinctive and unanimous desire to get away from that ammunition dump. "*Tout de suite*," as the French say—at once—right away quick. We seldom agreed unanimously on anything, but that driver and I didn't even have to put it to a vote that evening. We were unanimous on that particular question of getting away from that particular place in quite a short interval of time; the shorter the better.

"Wow! That's a good way to start the trip!" Tom said with a grin when we had slowed down.

"It promises well."

There seemed to be something in the air that night. I do not mean this literally. There was always something in the air down on the Toul lines in those days. One could look up night or day and see a great observation balloon hovering against the sky. One could see it pulled down to its resting-place or raised to its post frequently as he drove "down the line." One could see the crowds of French officers standing below watching the Boche planes trying to ram this balloon, and the French planes fighting them off, almost any day. One could look up as he drove the big truck along and see patrolling French planes by dozens humming overhead, and often he could see the Boche planes, mere specks in the sky, make dashes over the lines on their errands of mischief and death. One could follow them by the little puffballs of white smoke—"tracers"—that the anti-aircraft guns sent up to follow the flight and make it easier to hit them with the shrapnel.

Sometimes one could be lying on top of a new hut under construction, as some of our men were doing one day, watching a battle overhead between the American-French and Boche planes.

It is a thrilling sight to see. The first intimation one usually has of an air battle is the sound of the anti-aircraft guns overhead. Then all eyes are strained upward. If glasses are at hand, there is a sudden exclamation, "There they are—the Boche planes—away over there where the shrapnel is breaking!" for the Boche planes always fly high, like mere specks against the sky.

It is an exciting fifteen minutes as our anti-aircraft guns belch away, and once in a while we hear a piece of shrapnel fall near at hand. Then suddenly some one exclaims: "He's hit! The Boche is hit! He's falling, by George!"

"Where?" everybody cries, excitedly.

"Over there—can't you see?—to the east of that little group of smoke patches. He's falling fast!"

Then there is a straining of eyes, a shifting of field-glasses. The Boche is so high that even though he is falling fast he cannot be seen with the naked eye.

Then, when the excitement is at its height, he is visible to the naked eye, his machine in flames, falling like a rocket straight to the earth within our lines.

Lying on their backs on the top of a new hut, sewing on the canvas, three secretaries watch him fall. They have stopped work for this event. It is worth it. Down, down, down, over the brow of that little hill, the Boche plane, wrapped in flames, falls, like a shooting star consuming itself as it falls. There is a scurrying over the hill by American soldiers. A few minutes later they come back with the report that the plane fell inside the German lines, out in No Man's Land, where it lies burning to cinders, the body of the aviator strapped to the seat of the plane, a blackened, charred mass of humanity. He will never soar into the blue again on his errand of death.

Then one may see almost any time great dirigibles sailing serenely but surely along the horizon. "There's always something in the air," I said to Tom.

"Yes; but I don't mean what you mean."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Why, they captured a German deserter last night, and he says that the big drive is to start this evening in this sector; and if it does we'll be down there right in it all right, all right, ole boy!"

I can't say that I thought that that was any great joy to be looked forward to, but I kept my thoughts to myself.

For there was something in the air, figuratively speaking, that night. We could feel it as we drove the great truck along.

In the first place, overhead the air seemed to be full of observation balloons and scouting planes. All the American and French planes available seemed to be up. The whole horizon was lighted up like daylight with Vereys and bursting shells and range-finding lights. It looked like Broadway in its heyday off to our right as we drove down.

We had never seen traffic heavier than it was that night on the French road. A great ammunition train was hurrying along the road. Back of this train rumbled several truck-loads of boys "going in." Then there was a great supply train that stretched back along the road for miles. When we got to the divisional headquarters town we saw a line of ambulances—some two hundred of them—lined up along the road waiting for orders.

"I tell you, there's something big in the air to-night," Tom muttered as he put on more gas.

Officers shot past us on their fleet-footed horses bound "down the line." There seemed to be anxious looks on their faces as they rode by, glancing at us. Motorcycles flashed by like streaks in the night on their important errands.

Sentries seemed unusually cautious that night.

Their sudden, sharp, and always startling "Halt!" seemed to shoot out at us at every turn. We were questioned closely at every cross-roads and every turn as to where we were going, what we were carrying, and when we would be back.

"I tell you, there's something in the air!" said Tom, and he "stepped on her" again. I was afraid that we would be arrested by a sentry for speeding.

"Halt!" rang out again, but we did not hear it.

We did, however, hear a rifle-ball that whizzed past our ears, and after that it didn't take Tom long to stop the big machine.

"Why didn't you stop when I challenged?" the sentry yelled at us, a bit peeved, and rightly so.

"The truck was making so much noise I didn't hear you," Tom replied.

"Well, you fellows come along. I hate

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to arrest a Y. M. C. A. guy, but orders is strict to-night."

In a few minutes we were facing the major. He looked at us severely, questioned us, and heard our explanation.

He reprimanded us for not listening more carefully, and then turned to the soldier and said: "You may go, boy. I can't blame you this time for not hitting them. You did your best, and it's a dark night."

Whether or not he was joking we didn't stop to inquire, but we kept a sharp ear the rest of the night, and as we passed out of the major's office once again Tom said, "I tell you, there's something in the air, Doc!"

And sure enough he was right. He had hardly spoken before a great shell from the German batteries on the hills to our right whined like a crying child over our heads on its way back to the American batteries which were to our left. The road at this point was down the center of a triangle, with the Boche lines on one side of the triangle and the American lines on the other. The shells from both batteries then began to whine over us—high in the air, to be sure, but over us, just the same. It seemed that thousands of them were being exchanged. It sounded like a north wind blowing around the corner of an old barn for a half-hour. Then off in the distance a deep, dull thud followed each whine. It was the weirdest sound I ever heard. Then, to add to the comfort of the situation, an old Frenchman got ahead of us with an ox-team drawing a big cart. He planted himself right in the middle of the road. We were not permitted to use our horns. Then a dull thud near at hand, and we knew that a gas shell had struck dangerously near. We stopped the machine and adjusted our gas masks.

After this Tom put more gas on and we speeded up. We didn't like that canopy of shells over our heads. One might drop out of the arch any time like a great stone. Then again we came to the Frenchman leisurely driving along in the middle of the road.

We couldn't toot our horns, and now that we had our gas masks on we couldn't even argue. The Frenchman seemed utterly oblivious to the fact that the shells were whining overhead. Evidently he was used to this evening "strafing." He didn't move one bit faster, and so for half a mile we had to drive along behind his slow ox-team.

That was the longest half-hour I ever put in. The saliva ran out of my mouth, what I couldn't swallow with the teeth-grip of the mask occupying most of my mouth, and the sweat ran down over my face. I never felt so much like downright murder in all my life. I could have seen a Boche bomb drop on that Frenchman's head without a quiver of pity. The road was already pocked with shell-holes, and into these from time to time we bumped. I have no recollection of any place in all my life out of which I was so anxious to get and out of which I was getting so slowly. I thought of those old boyhood dreams where one is climbing a great steep hill with the Indians after him and something seems to be holding his feet back. That was the way we both felt on that road with the Frenchman in front of us.

Two boys jumped on our truck going into the line. One boy told of a half-dozen Americans who had been killed by a shel at "Dead Man's Curve" a half-hour before. That was encouraging, for we were just approaching "Dead Man's Curve" with that Frenchman in front of us.

"One guy got killed and the other had his head blowed off," one of the lads said to me.

"What happened to the one who had his 'head blowed off'?" I asked, for even in our desperation the boy's way of putting the news amused me—"one got killed and the other had his head blowed off." "I think I'd just as soon get killed myself as have my head blown off."

Then we all laughed. But it was a laugh tempered by the consciousness that one of those whining shells over our heads might drop out of the procession any time into our pathway. But the Frenchman ahead of us plugged leisurely on.

Some who read this story will wonder why we did not drive around the ox-team. There were two very good reasons.

These two good reasons were four-foot ditches on either side of the road over which we were driving, into one of which we had bounded one night out of a shell-hole and worked all night to get the machine out again. No, we didn't have any intention at all, at all, of going around the Frenchman. We were going to keep right on behind him as long as he held out.

Tom began to swear a blue streak. He cursed France in general for being so leisurely, for taking two hours off in the middle of the day for "soup," for a lot of things that didn't fit in with his American notion of the way of doing things, and he cursed that particular Frenchman in very positive and eloquent language. When he was through and had turned to me, I said:

"Yes, Tom, 'there's something in the air' to-night all right, and it's blue."

Then we both had a good laugh, in spite of our danger.

One of the boys who had climbed up to get a ride said, "No swearin' for me after what I escaped to-night."

I asked him what he had escaped.

He said: "I was with that gang at the 'Curve,' and I saw the guy beside me lose his head. Just like that: slam, bang, whoop! and it was off! I had been talkin' to him at the time, and it certainly made me feel funny when I came to from the shock."

Then he paused a few minutes as we rumbled along behind the Frenchman, and added: "It wasn't my time to die. I guess the Lord is going to give me a chance to get a Dutch or two. He didn't bring me over here for nothing."

Then a side road came, and we saw, with a sigh of relief, the Frenchman turn out. From that on, in spite of shell-holes, we made about thirty miles an hour. It was like "shooting the chutes" at Coney Island to do it, but we felt just in the mood for that—all of us. We had wasted too much time already. As it was, we would not make it back home until morning.

When we drove up to the underground hut, a cautious voice hailed us.

"You guys make it quick to-night, and don't make a sound, for there's something 'in the air.'"

It was the voice of the sentry using Tom's own words.

We unloaded that truck in mighty quick time.

Each load meant climbing down a pair of stone steps, pushing cautiously aside big heavy canvas curtains (for not a ray of light must escape), stumbling over twenty boys lying on the floor because the passage-way was too low to stand in, and dumping the boxes of oranges, chocolate, and tobacco on the soft mud floor.

"The boys think there's something 'in the air,'" the secretary in charge said to us in a whisper."

"The big drive?" I asked.

"Maybe."

Then we started back. As we did, the sky was white with the light of exploding shells. The great observation balloons loomed majestically against that lurid background. No Man's Land was flaring with star shells and machine-gun explosions.

We were shooting homeward as fast as we could go with the heavy traffic on the road, and we were nearing "Dead Man's Curve" when an explosion came that made the steering gear swerve in my hands, for I was driving back. It just felt as if there had been an earthquake and the earth had wrenched the front wheels. I fully expected to turn turtle, but, much to my relief, we were still on our wheels and in the road.

Around the corner of the dangerous curve we shot. Fifty feet beyond we saw a black pile of débris in the road. We got down from the truck and found a supply wagon smashed to bits lying in a broken mass at the side of the road. Two mules were lying in the field dead, two boys dead, and four boys who had been getting a ride in the back of the wagon were killed. It looked as if the shell had hit squarely in the middle of the wagon seat and the two boys driving had been killed outright.

Tom went for an ambulance and I stayed behind. One of the lads was seriously wounded—in fact, he was dying. He wanted one of us to take his mother's address and write her if he passed on. With my flash-light I wrote it down in my note-book to comfort him. The next day he died in the evacuation hospital, and I wrote to his mother. He said, "Tell mother that I kept clean and that I died game."

That night as we drove into the "Brewery," where we kept our trucks, and climbed down out of the seat about three o'clock in the morning, Tom said, "I told you there was something in the air to-night."

And even as he spoke the siren blew in the old Cathedral, warning the sleeping people of Toul that there was another visit from the Gothas imminent.

"Yes, Tom, old boy, you're right; there's certainly 'something in the air' to-night, and if we don't hurry home they'll drop something on us too."

A BIT OF ROMAN HISTORY

In your issue of November 6 you make a comparison between a possible tendency in our Government and the Roman consular form of government. You speak of power gradually passing from the legislative body to the consuls. As a matter of fact, the development in Rome was precisely the opposite. After the semi-mythical period of the kings the consuls held for some time almost absolute authority, civil and military. In time, however, the Senate in practice came to control the consuls, so that they were little more than its servants for several hundred years. The change from Republic to Empire at Rome was not due to the consuls' regaining power, but to the fact (among other things) that neither the Senate nor the consuls could exercise adequate control over the pro-consuls and their armies in the provinces.

G. A. HARRER.

Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

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Based on The Outlook of December 4, 1918

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: President Wilson at the Peace Conference.

Reference: Pages 529, 530.

Questions:

1. Tabulate a list of the points made by editors who are against President Wilson's attending the coming Peace Conference as recorded in The Outlook. Make a list also of the points of the editors who favor his attendance. 2. Tell, with reasons, which group of editors, in your opinion, presents the stronger argument. 3. In your opinion, does it show sound reasoning to compare President Wilson's trip to Europe with Mr. Roosevelt's to Panama and Mr. Taft's to Canada when they were serving as our Executives? Reasons. 4. In what respects may the President be putting himself and the United States in peril by attending the Peace Conference? 5. Point out wherein his going may be worth while. 6. Discuss the following statements: "There is cause for regret that the Conference [Peace Conference] could not assemble in Washington. The time may come when European statesmen will regret their neglect of this opportunity." 7. Discuss possible results of America's assuming "an importance in the peace councils beyond that to which she is entitled on the score of performance." 8. Do you think the services of the British navy in this war are properly appreciated? Make clear the value of its services. 9. Read as soon as you can: "The Achievement of the British Navy in the World War," by John Leyland (Doran); "Through War to Peace," by A. G. Keller (Macmillan).

B. Topic: The League to Enforce Peace.

Reference: Editorial, pages 524–526.

Questions:

1. What are some of the things that must disappear if a League of Nations worthy the name is to endure? 2. Name also some things that would have to be amended. 3. Discuss some of the things that would have to remain unchanged. 4. And name some things that would have to be entirely new to the experience of nations. 5. What does The Outlook say in explaining that "it is possible to promote a League of Nations without abolishing nationalism"? 6. The Outlook does not believe in "organizing offhand a federation of the world." Yet it believes in a League of Nations to enforce peace. Explain how it makes its position clear. 7. Write an editorial in which you discuss the difference between peace and justice and their relationship. 8. What is the Great Power theory? Must this theory be given up by all nations if a League of Nations, with the objects The Outlook mentions, is to endure in any powerful and practical form? Discuss. 9. Discuss whether there would be need of universal military training if such a League is formed. 10. Read "Why War?" by F. C. Howe (Scribners); "The Stakes of Diplomacy," by Walter Lippmann (Holt); "The Things Men Fight For," by H. H. Powers (Macmillan)—books for a thoughtful man's library.

C. Topic: The Opportunity in Russia.

Reference: Editorial, page 524.

Questions:

1. Explain what leads The Outlook to say that "hopeful opportunities for reconstruction and restoration are now open" in Russia? 2. Give several reasons why the ideas and objects of the Bolsheviki and the I. W. W. are anti-democratic. 3. Is it time the American Government had a definite policy for Russia, publicly announced it, and began to execute it? Reasons. 4. Suggest several ways by which America could be of great aid to Russia. 5. Read two valuable books: "Unchained Russia," by C. E. Russell (Appleton); "Six Red Months in Russia," by Louise Bryant (Doran).

II—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Topic: A Crisis in the Leadership of President Wilson; The President, the Cabinet, Bureaucracy, and the Country.

Reference: Pages 528, 529; 522–524.

Questions:

1. For what reasons does Mr. Lawrence, a friend of President Wilson, believe that the unselfish friends of the President are grieved and disappointed in his leadership? 2. Discuss why, in your opinion, these friends of Mr. Wilson do not go to him and tell him exactly what they think. 3. Give your reasons as to why Mr. McAdoo left the Cabinet. 4. Explain the meaning of bureaucracy and discuss the evils of it. Illustrate. 5. According to The Outlook, what is the great question that confronts this country? How do you think it ought to be solved? Discuss. 6. Is government by executive order democratic government? Tell why or why not.

III—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. A Republic of Nations cannot be manufactured. 2. This war has produced a better and more hopeful world. 3. Moderate progress is the wisest sort of progress.

IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for December 4, 1918. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Superannuated (528); provincially minded (529); justiciable (525); Socialism (524); reciprocity (530); protagonist (523).

A booklet suggesting methods of using the Weekly Outline of Current History will be sent on application

"BOOZE OR COAL" AGAIN

In The Outlook of November 6 we find illuminating editorial comment under the heading "Booze or Coal—Which?" As far as they go the premise, reasoning, and conclusions seem logical and correct.

However, it failed to raise any question as to *why* and *how* coal-miners generally are classed as "booze fighters" and "ne'er-do-wells." We know they are. We also know that this weakness is often exploited as an additional source of revenue by their own employers.

Some years ago the writer had a conference with a Kentucky mine operator who frankly confessed that he had to keep the miners poor in order to keep them industrious. To this end he conducted a company store, where they were continually in debt. To secure further necessaries they simply *had* to work. In discussing the moral and ethical side this man made no attempt to defend himself, except as a business necessity. If he paid them liberally in cash, they would waste the surplus in dissipation, and thus greatly curtail production.

Since a beneficent Providence has crammed the earth with fuel, needed by every man, woman, and child, do they not owe a moral debt to that large population which performs this most menial of all human service?

In contrast with the generally acknowledged conditions of coal-mining communities, let us look at another picture of a very similar service.

In August, 1899, the writer spent some ten days in that great copper-mining country around Calumet, Michigan, dominated largely by the Calumet and Hecla Mining Company. It was claimed that there were some five thousand miners going in and out of those mines, a mile deep, in eight-hour shifts, continuously.

Notwithstanding this fact, that pretty city of 40,000 people had a holiday appearance every day.

Everybody was clean, content, and happy. Thirty-nine different languages were spoken, and there was a church for every tongue. Only one policeman, at that time, for the entire 40,000 population.

Every miner as he left his family was dressed in his "Sunday best," and came back to them in the same way. The explanation is this: At the mouth of each mine was a building known as "the dry." Here every miner had his own locker, where change was quickly made.

As these miners emerged after their hours of hard work they had the appearance of drowned rats; but, presto—change! Off drop the wet clothes; shower-bath, clean clothes, home to wife, children, good meal, and comfortable home.

What sane human being, living under such conditions, would even think of going out and filling up on "booze"? Rather he will take his family to one or more of a dozen uplift places provided by this beneficent corporation.

This winter, as we replenish the family hearth with fresh coal, may we not have a kind thought for those whose human hands first touched this warmth-giving commodity?

May we not think of them as also part of God's children, who would be equal to his best under Calumet environments? Would that Dr. John R. Mott's great heart and organizing ability might yet enter this field as his labors with the soldiers abroad lessen!

E. C. BICKEL.

Elkhart, Indiana.

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JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK

THE CHILD'S MAGAZINE

"THE CHILDREN OF MAKE-BELIEVE"

Come along with us for we know the way
That every one takes who loves to play!
The road is not long, and it is not far
Where thousands of different wonders are.
We think just right till we feel them near.
We have no doubts, and we find them here.
Our hearts are glad and our hands are free,
The Children of Make-Believe are we!

Come away with us to the mountains high
Where our fingers touch and take the sky!
A call and a laugh from our hearts will bring
The biggest and best of everything.
There is no distance we may not span;
No sorrowing hope, nor broken plan;
No rule but the young heart's wide decree,
The Children of Make-Believe are we!

Come away with the Children of Make-Believe!
Let's plan, and build, unravel and weave.
We're greater than Kings, as our glad hearts run
Along the path of the marching sun.
No malice dims and no doubting mars
Our friendly frolic among the stars.
Our hearts are young, as *all* hearts may be,
The Children of Make-Believe are we!

JOHN MARTIN.

AND this is the spirit of JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK. A joyful childhood, untrammeled and spontaneous, the fulfillment of great and good dreams, and the mastery of life through love and faith, this is the inherited right of our children.

In bringing JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK to the attention of parents and those who love children, we have drawn from parents' letters to John Martin the following extracts. Surely there could be no better endorsement of the magazine.

NOTHING CAN TAKE THE PLACE OF JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK IN THE HOME

"My children still possess every copy they have ever had, and have read them so many times that nothing less substantial would have survived. There is nothing which could take its place in our home. I doubt if there is any magazine that can minister to their mental and spiritual wants as they develop, as well as John Martin's Book has to their childish ones. I would not attempt to measure the benefit it has been."

IT NEEDS NO CENSORSHIP

"The creed of your magazine assures busy mothers that the children can take their book from the mail-man and enjoy it immediately without waiting for mother's leisure to investigate.

I have never found anything in your magazine that I could not read to the boys at bedtime."

AN EDUCATIONAL FOUNDATION

"I am sure you will be interested to know that, though this is Elizabeth's first year in school, her teachers are continually asking me what I have given her at home to supply such a fund of information in folk lore, mythology, etc., and I can only tell them, a thorough course in John Martin's Book since she was four."

MOTHERS' MOST DEPENDABLE ALLY

"I count you among my dependable allies in my effort to help an eager, loving, happy little boy grow into an increasingly happy and useful man."

"We cannot see how any mother who is trying to teach her little children the things they ought to know, can get along without the Book. Nor can we see how other babies who do not get this good bundle of friendly lessons, can be as happy as our babies are."

BANISHMENT OF FEAR

"I want to tell you about the little messenger called 'God's Dark' which you sent in the November magazine. At a Mothers' club meeting a mother confided to me her chief perplexity, a little boy who had suddenly grown terrified at the dark. I told her about the beautiful poem we had all learned by heart and lent her that copy of the Book. In a week she telephoned to know if she might keep the Book a little longer so that her little son might learn every word of 'God's Dark.' When she brought it back a month later, she said her timid little boy goes bravely to bed and to sleep accompanied by these soothing, comforting words which he says each night before he hops into bed. He doesn't wake till morning."

The Outlook Advertising Section

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT

WHICH LASTS A YEAR AND LIVES A LIFETIME

CHILDREN who have JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK are given in the fullest measure of their hearts' desires. It is the very Voice of Childhood, merry, hopeful, helpful, and spontaneous. Arranged for children from three to ten years of age.

A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION GIVES

Countless pictures in color and line. Games to Play. Things to Do. Songs to Sing. Plays to Act. Fairy Tales. Nature and History. Bible Stories. Fables and Myths. Poetry and Jingles. Classic Tales. Clean Fun and Nonsense. Puzzles and Plans

and a host more surprises and delights in endless variety, all with a wholesome and helpful delight to the children.

JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK

is a NECESSITY and not a LUXURY

In these days of war's destruction it is constructive, character building, and makes fine little American citizens.

Every little subscriber receives from John Martin a merry "Introduction Letter" telling that *you*, the donor, send the gift; in addition the children receive pretty HOLIDAY and CHRISTMAS CARDS. In fact, nothing that adds to the *personal delight* of The Book is forgotten.

LESS THAN ONE CENT A DAY IF YOU USE THE COUPON BELOW

→ SPECIAL ←

14 MONTHS' OFFER

SUBSCRIBE NOW

◆ SPECIAL 14 MONTHS' OFFER ◆

for $4.00, LESS THAN A CENT A DAY, for

14 JOHN MARTIN'S BOOKS

OFFER EXPIRES DEC. 31st, 1918

JOHN MARTIN'S HOUSE, 128C West 58th St., New York

Enclosed find $4.00 [Foreign and Canadian Subscription $4.50] for which please send JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK for 14 MONTHS, beginning with November, 1918, number, to

Child's Name

Street Address

City and State

Subscribed by

Subscriber's Address

(Please state your relationship to the Child)

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The Best Child Ever Born

is a problem. The brighter the child the greater your problem. Upon your wisdom depend his physical, his mental and his moral development. The greatest of these is his moral development—the building of his character—for this gives value to the others. And there is no way that you can better solve this problem than by the proper selection of his reading.

Much that children read is positively injurious to their eager, plastic minds. Some books merely entertain in a wasteful way. But, some not only entertain but at the same time have those fine, constructive qualities which inspire high ideals and build strong, clean character.

The Young Folks Library

(A Beautiful Christmas Gift)

is enthusiastically endorsed by the leading educators of the nation and by the fathers and mothers in over 75,000 homes, especially because of its interesting and distinctive plan of character building. An illustrious gathering of men and women under the leadership of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Henry Van Dyke and Hamilton Wright Mabie, who never forgot the child's point of view, nor overlooked his interests, have made this plan and library a rich treasure-house of childish delights and a boon to parents. And you will be pleased to learn that you can secure this library at a remarkably low price, on very easy terms.

Send for Beautifully Illustrated Book—Free

You and your child will be glad to receive FREE our beautiful book, with rich colored illustrations, telling all about this library and its distinctive plan and how you can secure it at a low price.

University Research

Dept. O., Milwaukee, Wis.

Please send me FREE your beautifully illustrated book and tell me how I can secure the Young Folks Library at your low price on easy terms.

Name .....

Address .....

COMRADES IN COURAGE

By LIEUT. ANTOINE REDIER

ONE of the three truly great books that the war has brought forth in France both as a literary achievement and as a popular success.

Believing that many readers of The Outlook would like to have and preserve this thrilling and interesting story of the war, we have made a special arrangement with the publishers, Doubleday, Page & Co., which enables us to offer it in combination with a year's subscription to The Outlook at the special price of $4.50 for the two. The retail price of the book alone is $1.40, net. It is attractively bound in cloth, and will make a most welcome Christmas gift. Only a limited number of volumes are at our disposal for this special offer, and the supply will soon be exhausted. Therefore it is important that you should send your order at once if you wish to secure one of these books at the special combination price named.

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

THE NEW BOOKS

This department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

FICTION

Bell-Ringer (The). An Old-Time Village Tale. By Clara Endicott Sears. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.35.

Benton of the Royal Mounted. A Tale of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. By Ralph S. Kendall. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.50.

Harbor Tales Down North. By Norman Duncan. With an Appreciation by Wilfred T. Grenfell, M.D. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.35.

Rule of Might (The). By J. A. Cramb ("J. A. Revermort"). G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.60.

The setting of this romance of Napoleon is at Vienna. The time is October, 1809. The central incident is an attempt to assassinate Napoleon at the Palace of Schönbrunn. The author draws a sympathetic portrait of Napoleon, but he allows his description of the sensual Viennese society of that date to take altogether too much space and to detract from the main theme.

23½ Hours' Leave. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York. 60c.

For sheer bubbling fun this is probably the most entertaining story that has been brought out by the war. It is exactly the kind of book to send to a soldier for Christmas, for every soldier, from general to private, would certainly enjoy the adventures of Sergeant Gray in his brief and exciting absence from quarters.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Boys' Book of Chemistry (The). A Simple Explanation of Up-to-Date Chemistry, Together with Many Easily Made Experiments. By Charles Ramsay Clarke. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

Boy Scouts Year Book (The). Edited by Franklin K. Mathiews. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

Captain Lucy and Lieutenant Bob. By Aline Havard. Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia. $1.35.

Dream Boats and Other Stories. Portraits and Histories of Fauns, Fairies, Fishes, and Other Pleasant Creatures. By Dugald Stewart Walker. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y. $1.50.

French Twins (The). By Lucy Fitch Perkins. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.25.

Nancy Lee's Namesake. By Margaret Warde. Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia. $1.35.

Old Crow and His Friends. Animal Adventures Based upon Indian Myths. By Katharine B. Judson. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.35.

Ross Grant in Miners' Camp. By John Garland. Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia. $1.35.

Running Fox. By Elmer Russell Gregor. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.35.

Silver Cache of the Pawnee (The). By D. Lange. Illustrated. The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston. $1.25.

Stokes' Wonder Book of the Bible. By Helen Ward Banks. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $2.50.

Story of Silk (The). By Sara Ware Bassett. Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia. 90c.

Story of the Pilgrims for Children (The). By Roland G. Usher, Ph.D. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

Toggles: An Outdoor Boy. By Frederick F. Hall. Illustrated. The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston. $1.25.

BIOGRAPHY

Foch the Man. By Clara E. Laughlin. With an Appreciation by Lieutenant-Colonel Edouard Réquin. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.

Miss Laughlin has evidently had access to direct sources of information about Marshal Foch. She answers in a satisfying and interpretative way such questions as, What manner of man is he? What are his animating principles? What are the chief facts in his life's history? Lieutenant-Colonel Réquin, in a letter of appreciation, points out that "Christian, Frenchman, soldier, Foch will be held up as an example for future generations as much for his high moral standard as for his military genius."

HISTORY, POLITICAL ECONOMY, AND POLITICS

History of Spain (A). By Charles E. Chapman, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.60.

Closely following the publication of two volumes of Professor Merriman's "History of Spain" we have Mr. Chapman's—a much smaller and compacter work. But the substantial volume is comprehensive—it describes Spanish life from the earliest times to the present day. The other one-volume histories of Spain are accounts mostly of the political evolution. This volume, on the other hand, emphasizes the changing social, economic, and intellectual institutions. The book is founded on Altamira's "Historia de España y de la Civilización Española."

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Historic Shrines of America. By John T. Faris. Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $3.

With the end of the war and the prospective resumption of pleasure touring one can think of no more delightful way of spending a vacation than by taking a good automobile and visiting all the places described and pictured in this fine book. It is replete with interesting facts about the historic houses of America, the men and women who lived in them, and the times during which they became famous.

Romance of Old Philadelphia (The). By John T. Faris. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $4.50.

An interesting and valuable repository of information about the early days of one of the chief centers of our colonial life. Scores of well-printed illustrations bring the city's past vividly before the reader. A book to make Philadelphians proud of their past and ambitious about their future.

WAR BOOKS

Soldiers of the Sea. The Story of the United States Marine Corps. By Willis J. Abbot. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.50.

Americans are justly proud of the work of the Marine Corps in the great war, and they will like to read of the exploits of that Corps in other wars in our history. The thrilling feats of arms here recorded are finely illustrated. Most readers will wish that more space had been devoted to recent events in which the Marine Corps has distinguished itself.

MISCELLANEOUS

Woman Citizen (The). By Mary Sumner Boyd. Introduction by Carrie Chapman Catt. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.50.

This is a book that appeals to the serious woman who wishes to be well informed about her political privileges and duties. It will well repay study by any woman without a "husband at home" to answer her political questions, and also by the large number of women who, having husbands, might ask them in vain for the definite, concise information herein given.

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A New Power Plant for the Pierce-Arrow

THE Pierce-Arrow has a new engine of greater power. This engine has been developed by Pierce-Arrow engineers. They have named it The Dual Valve Engine.

The increased power it yields adds to the comfort and convenience of the Pierce-Arrow Car. This comfort and convenience are enhanced by the perfect control. With the new engine one can go from five miles an hour to seventy and back again to five on high gear. This almost eliminates the necessity of shifting gears—either on hills or in traffic.

It offers more power with no greater weight, more speed with less gasoline, more flexibility with less gear shifting. It is cooler, quieter and quicker than any previous Pierce-Arrow.

The new engine is no sudden innovation. It is the result of years of careful experiment. It is in line with the steady development of the Pierce-Arrow. It is in harmony with the policy that no changes should be made until a real improvement had been perfected.

Pierce-Arrow

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR CO.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

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How Scientists Clean Their Teeth

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

The facts stated here have been widely known for some years among dentists and scientific men. But they were not presented to the public until proved beyond dispute.

People who know—by the hundreds of thousands—are changing their teeth-cleaning methods. And these are the reasons:

The old methods proved inadequate. The best-brushed teeth too often discolored and decayed. Despite the wide use of the tooth-brush, statistics show that tooth troubles have constantly increased.

Science found the reason in a slimy film. You can feel it with your tongue. It is constantly forming, and it clings. It gets into crevices, hardens and stays.

That film is the cause of most tooth troubles, and the old methods could not end it.

That film-coat absorbs stains, and the teeth seem discolored. It hardens into tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of many other serious diseases.

It is therefore best to brush teeth in ways which can end the film.

Four years ago a way was found to combat that film efficiently. It has now been proved by thousands of tests. Today it is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent, and we ask you to test it yourself.

Make This One-Week Test

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly prevent its accumulation.

This is not as simple as it seems. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual method is an acid harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed barred.

It is now made possible because science found a harmless, activating method. Five governments have already granted patents. That method is employed in Pepsodent.

Many teeth-cleaning methods, widely proclaimed, have later been found inefficient. So Pepsodent was submitted to repeated clinical tests, under able authorities, before this announcement.

Today it is proved beyond question. And the object now is to bring it quickly into universal use.

The method is to offer all a One-Week Tube for test. Send the Free coupon for it.

Use it like any tooth paste, and watch results.

Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the film. See how teeth whiten—how they glisten—as the fixed film disappears.

Let Pepsodent thus prove itself by a One-Week Test. See its unique results, know the reason for them. After that you will not be content to return to old methods of teeth-cleaning.

Cut out the coupon now.

One-Week Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT CO.
Dept. 282, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail One-Week Tube of Pepsodent to

Name .....

Address .....

Return your empty tooth paste tubes to the nearest Red Cross Station

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

(147A)

THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present under the above heading frequent discussions of subjects of industrial and commercial interest. This department will include paragraphs of timely interest and articles of educational value dealing with the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. Comment and suggestions are invited.

SELLING YOUR PRODUCT TO THE 100,000,000

CULTIVATE THE HOME MARKETS

BY CHARLES W. HOYT
Author of "Scientific Sales Management"

THE newspapers, the business papers, and the magazines are filled with articles about America's opportunity in foreign trade. The speakers at commercial banquets talk of the possibilities of export departments. At conventions the majority of the discussions are on foreign markets. It is the thing—it is the style—and it is good, too; but—

How many advertisers, so far in the history of the United States marketing, have adequately sold their product to the 100,000,000 people of this country? How many advertisers, so far, have even secured (in the minds of this 100,000,000 people) a consciousness of their brand and of its merits? A few advertisers have had sufficient courage and vision to go after it. You can count them almost on the fingers of one hand. And these few have been enormously successful.

No matter whether you make baking-powder, chewing-gum, clothing, shoes, or automobiles, if you will make this 100,000,000 conscious of your brand and of its merits your business will be made.

As a Nation we ought, and we must, sell our products to the world. But so doing does not mean that any one firm should slight the opportunity which awaits it to sell the 100,000,000 here.

And it is not a hazy, uncertain problem, which is difficult of solution. The methods which will assure success are clearly defined. A generation ago the facilities were not at hand. To-day everything necessary for reaching the minds of this 100,000,000 is available.

The course is definitely defined, but to follow it requires a chart and often a trained pilot. You can't sail into the port of National Success by rule-of-thumb methods.

You need a plan. And in the making of that plan you need the help of men who know. It is not necessary to make uncertain experiments. Guessing and grouping in marketing are no longer necessary. Wise men profit by the experience of others. The man who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client. And a man can lose money in advertising as easily as in Wall Street.

With the proper plan, intelligently prepared, then the facilities long ago proved to be certain and sure are at hand ready to secure for you the approval of the 100,000,000.

The purchasing power of the 100,000,000 who have a favorable acquaintance with your product is enormous. It makes no difference whether your product is to be bought by the masses or the classes, if it is favorably known to the man in the street orders will spring from all sorts of unexpected sources.

Don't call your business different. Every-

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Selling Your Product to the 100,000,000 (*Continued*)

body's is different. Soap is different from automobiles. Automobiles are different from insurance. Insurance is different from toys. Toys are not clothes or shoes. Metal office furniture differs from steel axles or motors. Ink and suspenders are not like adding machines or paint. But each business will be established, secured, and made if the 100,000,000 have a favorable acquaintance with it.

Right now this group of 100,000,000 are happy, receptive, appreciative, and expectant. They have completed a good job and stand ready to go ahead.

The American manufacturer should start at once in his manufacturing, his financing, his selling, and his advertising to secure the acquaintance of the 100,000,000.

AMERICANS IN THE SECOND BATTLE OF THE MARNE

(*From "Marshal Foch and the Second Battle of the Marne," by a French Staff Officer, Raymond Recouly, in "Scribner's Magazine"*)

One of the essential characteristics of this battle must always be the part played in it by the Americans. For the first time on European soil a large number of American troops, formed into divisions, found themselves engaged in a military operation on a very large scale; they were about to undergo a decisive ordeal.

From this ordeal they came out with flying colors in every sense of the words. The gallantry with which they fought, the skill of their officers, the heroism of the men, excited the wonder and admiration of every Frenchman who came into contact with them. Many of my comrades were delighted to bear witness to their valor and coolness. General Degoutte was for a long time in Morocco, commanding the celebrated Moroccan division, which is one of the glories of our army; all its regiments have the "fourragère," and their flags are decorated with the Legion of Honor. In speaking of the American division which fought at Château Thierry the General declared, "I couldn't have done better with my 'Marocaine,'" and General Gouraud said of the men, "They are as good as the best of our *poilus*."

"As to the Americans," Foch said, "you may say that they are admirable soldiers; I have only one fault to find with them—they want to go forward too fast—I am obliged to hold them back. They want to push on all the time and kill as many Germans as they possibly can."

When these gallant American divisions received their baptism of fire, fighting magnificently beside the war-hardened French troops, a decisive moment in the war had been reached. The comradeship, the brotherhood, between the French and the Americans was strengthened upon the field of battle, and their blood, shed side by side for the same just cause, sealed forever the union of these two great nations.

Rising Japan

An eminent Japanese scholar writes from Tokyo that he regards Dr. J. T. Sunderland's **Rising Japan** (G. P. Putnam's Sons, $1.25) as distinctly the best book on Japanese civilization, the aims and ideals of the Japanese nation, and the relations of Japan with America, that has appeared from any pen. He asks permission to translate it into Japanese.

The *London Times* devotes two columns to the book, giving it high praise and urging its wide reading in England as well as America.

Suppose It Cost $3.20

It Would Still Be Economical

You pay 30 to 32 cents today for the large package of Quaker Oats. You get 6,335 calories, the energy measure of food value.

In the 13-cent package you get just as much for your money.

Suppose it cost ten times as much. You would call it extravagant food. But see what you pay for other foods to get 6,335 calories.

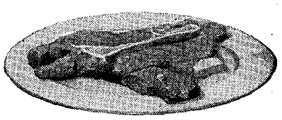
Below are the figures at the prices of today. You will see that at this writing many foods cost more than ten times Quaker Oats for the same energy units.

So meats and fish average fully as much as Quaker Oats would cost you at $3.20 per large package.

And more, for the oat is better food. It is better balanced, more complete. It is almost the ideal food.

The best way possible to bring down food cost is to serve more Quaker Oats.

This Costs **5c** Per 1000 Calories



This Costs **57c** Per 1000 Calories

This Costs **60c** Per 1000 Calories

Cost of 6335 Calories	
In Quaker Oats	$0.32
In Round Steak	2.56
In Leg of Lamb	3.00
In Veal Cutlets	3.56
In Halibut	3.31
In Salt Codfish	4.87
In Milk	1.22

Quaker Oats

A Superlative Grade

Two Sizes: 12c to 13c—30c to 32c

Except in the Far West and South

(2054)

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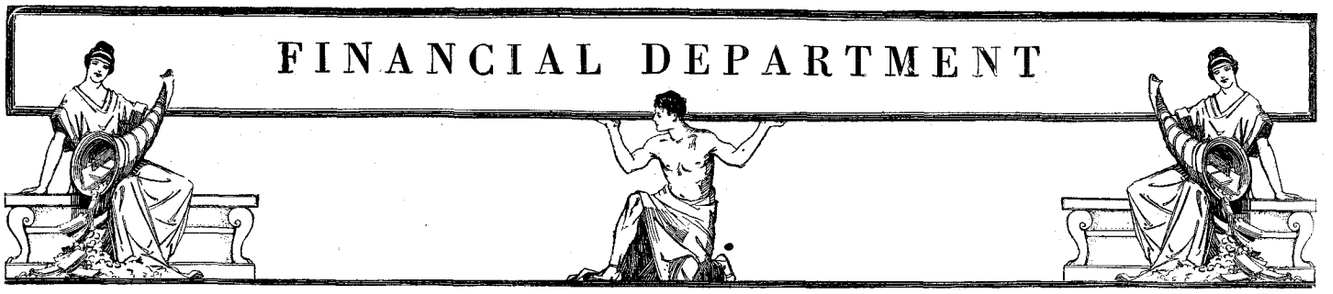

All legitimate questions from Outlook readers about investment securities will be answered either by personal letter or in these pages. The Outlook cannot, of course, undertake to guarantee against loss resulting from any specific investment. Therefore it will not *advise* the purchase of any specific security. But it will give to inquirers facts of record of information resulting from expert investigation, leaving the responsibility for final decision to the investor. And it will admit to its pages only those financial advertisements which after thorough expert scrutiny are believed to be worthy or confidence. All letters of inquiry regarding investment securities should be addressed to

THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY
NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING
NEW YORK

INVESTMENTS
that fit you

A DIFFICULT problem for the average investor is to determine just the kind of security that meets his particular requirements. To help solve this problem, we give, if desired, thorough study to the needs of each client.

Our current offerings of bonds and short term notes include issues suitable for all classes of investors, and we shall be glad to advise you, upon request, which of these are best adapted to your needs.

Ask for Circular Z—94.

The National City Company

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BONDS SHORT TERM NOTES ACCEPTANCES

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THE SHORT-TERM NOTE AND THE FAR-SIGHTED INVESTOR

SHORT-TERM notes bearing a high rate of interest have been the instruments employed for practically all financing during the war, and a pertinent question in this period of transition may be, Is the short-term note the wisest investment policy to-day?

The vogue of this type of security has been steadily increasing for ten years or so, owing in large part to a general decline in the prices of high-grade long-term bonds, the reasons for which cannot be considered here—the topic demands extended treatment. However, it may be well to review in the large the causes which since our entrance into the war have necessitated corporate financing through the short-time note.

The public is well aware that the Administration has sought through the War Finance Board and the Capital Issues Committee to limit the issuance of securities during the war in order that investment funds might be reserved, as far as possible, for Treasury notes, Liberty Loans, and War Savings Stamps.

In the nature of the case, the limitation has been more drastic in respect to municipal loans than to those of private corporations, for the reason that nearly all of the objects for which municipalities incur debt, such as schoolhouses, poor-farms, bridge-building, etc., could be postponed until the end of the war without serious detriment to the well-being of the community. The issuance of funded credits to promote the extension of so-called non-essential industries became unnecessary and could be deferred until the corporate activities were converted into channels more directly connected with the success of the war. While many industries have been able and compelled to curtail activities and lessen their capital requirements, many others have been forced to enlarge and intensify their activities. Hence we find that those industries which contribute to the sustenance, physical protection, and transportation of the soldier to the scene of battle have been obliged to operate on a scale never before known, and their loan requirements have been increased accordingly. But their requirements have been increased, not only by the extension of the scale of operation in mere bulk, but by the fact that the cost of raw materials and such plants as they have had to construct have been greater than in peace times, and current inventories have increased even more than in the ratio of war to pre-war activities.

The first and natural recourse of these corporations would have been to the banks, which, other things being equal, could very well afford to extend unusual accommodations to borrowers by virtue of the extraordinary earning power this war business had created; but banks in turn have their own relation to martial affairs. Quite properly, they have been obliged to keep themselves at all times in a position to lend to the Government, on short-time Treasury paper, whatever it might need in anticipation of the funding of temporary debts with larger Liberty Loans. And, quite improperly, from an academic point of view, banks also have been obliged to stand ready to absorb a certain amount of these Liberty Loans themselves, as the ultimate underwriters in each community of its allotted quota. So banks, in turn, have felt obliged to suggest to many industrial corporations that they should fund their bank accommodations by the issuance of more formal credits in the form of bonds and notes. We thus find many corporations of impeccable credit which hitherto have sought accommodations directly from the banks or through the issuance of commercial paper now going to the general public for their funds and being forced to compete with the Government and with investment opportunities already extant in the public security market.

It is noteworthy that these corporations have for the most part solicited loans from the public limited to a duration of from one to seven years. There have been exceptions, of course—notably a few of the better railways, which have successfully appealed for ten-year money; but the maturities that have been most popular have been those three to five years distant. In some cases the loan has matured all at one time, but in the majority the maturities have been serial.

Apparently the borrowing corporations hope to cancel the installment indebtedness, in part at least, out of extraordinary earnings. All this, from the view-point of the welfare of the State and the corporation, is above criticism; but now, particularly that the fighting is ended, this department of The Outlook can properly consider recent financial tendencies from the view-point of the investor, whom it endeavors to serve.

When a corporation is unwilling to commit itself to a bonded debt running over a long period of years at present interest rates, it simply means that the corporation believes that the debt can be refunded later at a lower rate of interest.

If this corporate opinion is correct, and we see no reason in economics or financial history to dispute it, then he who seeks the placement of his funds for an indefinite term of years can well afford to forego the allurement of the present high rate of interest that short-term loans offer for the seemingly less attractive but, relatively speaking, no less extraordinary high rates of interest that long-term loans still offer; and if he should not find what he seeks in the new loans which follow now, there is no reason why he should not examine the old and tried issues which have stood the test of one or two panics and a world war.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I have recently come into possession of about $8,000, which I should like to invest in something which will pay more than 3½ to 4 per cent. I have had no experience whatever in investing money, but, as I am a school-teacher who some day may have to depend entirely upon the income derived from the above amount, I should like to learn how to invest wisely. Will you kindly advise me what course to pursue in securing this knowledge? Do you consider the present a good time to invest?

A. It is a pleasure to reply to one whose ideas are so well within the bounds of conservative investment. Too great stress, especially in the case of an inexperienced investor, cannot be laid on the necessity for safeguarding one's principal. No amount of interest or opportunity for profit should outweigh it.

The present time sees the offering of many high-grade securities at prices which we believe are far below their intrinsic value. United States Government bonds, the best security in the world, furnish a

For Re-investment

6% FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

NEVER have we had a more attractive investment list of 6% First Mortgage Real Estate Serial Gold Bond issues. All of the issues we recommend are marked by more than ordinary stability and safety. And all are backed by new, income-producing property of twice or more than twice the value of the issue. Mail your request today for our Re-investment List.

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Federal Bond & Mortgage Co.

Harry W. Ford, Pres.

90 L Griswold Street *Detroit*

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75%

earned on its

COMMON STOCK

is the present record of an old established New York State Corporation manufacturing a Peace-time necessity. A limited amount of the

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can now be obtained on a 10% basis.

Details on request

A. D. CONVERSE & CO.

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DANFORTH FARM MORTGAGES

represent the highest type of investments. They have stood the test of wars and business depression since 1858—60 years, and always worth 100%.

Interest paid promptly at maturity.

FARM MORTGAGE BONDS in $500 and $1,000 denominations

For further information regarding our Farm Loans and Bonds write for Booklet and Investors' List No. 58.

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FIRST FARM MORTGAGES

Safe—Profitable—Patriotic

Our Farm Mortgages, marketed for 35 years without the loss of a dollar, are safe, profitable and patriotic investments. Agriculture must be financed. Let us send you descriptive pamphlet "S" and list of offerings. Amounts to suit.

E. J. Lander & Co., Grand Forks, N. D.

Capital and Surplus $500,000

6% NET

INVEST YOUR SAVINGS

Banks, Trustees, Insurance Companies, Institutions, Etc., have invested with us for years without the loss of a cent in principal or interest. Individuals are invited to take advantage of our First Mortgages on improved farms, $300 and up. 25 years' experience. Our record an open book. Write for full particulars.

THE FARM MORTGAGE TRUST CO.

503 Jackson St. Topeka, Kansas

Are You An Investor?

During the past year the Financial Department of The Outlook has helped hundreds of Outlook readers to solve intelligently their particular investment problems. Perhaps you are contemplating a shifting of your present holdings or have fresh funds to invest. In either case we shall be glad to give you specific information on any securities in which you may be interested. This service is entirely free to Outlook readers.

The Outlook Financial Department

The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

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Questions and Answers (Continued)

very good example of this. Underlying railway bonds, especially those which are legal investments for savings bank and trust funds, first mortgage bonds of good corporations, and bonds of the better municipalities, are all securities which would meet your requirements. In the bond market of late there has been a growing demand for good municipal bonds, and they are experiencing a consequent rise in price.

It would be worth your while to subscribe to some good financial magazine, such as the "Commercial and Financial Chronicle," if for no other purpose than to keep in touch with the doings of the corporations in which you may be interested and with the market for their securities.

There are not many text-books which cover the whole subject of investments. "The Elements of Successful Investing," by Roger W. Babson, was written with the avowed purpose of assisting investors in making wise selections. Volume XXX of the "Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science" (36th and Woodland Avenues, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania) contains some very instructive papers, many of which are suitable reading for the layman.

Q. I have $10,000 of hard-earned money which I wish to invest in some way that is safe and will yield 7 to 8 per cent. I have had no experience in investing money in this way.

A. The days in which a high degree of safety could be obtained in an investment to yield 8 per cent are rapidly passing.

However, some of the good short-term notes can still be had to yield better than 7 per cent. Of them, those which are convertible into long-term bonds—Interborough Rapid Transit Company 7 per cent notes, for example—are, as has recently been pointed out in this column, the most attractive.

We feel that the list given below is fairly representative of this class of securities and that investment in any of them could be made with a reasonable degree of safety. Any good bond house will be glad to furnish detailed information upon request, and after you have made selection will ship the securities purchased to you on receipt of check:

Southern Railway 5s, due March 2, 1919, to yield about 7.75 per cent.
Bethlehem Steel Corporation 7s, due 1923, to yield about 6.95 per cent.
Interborough Rapid Transit Company convertible 7s, due 1921, to yield about 7.55 per cent.
Anglo-French convertible 5s, due 1920, to yield about 7 per cent.

May we take this opportunity to emphasize the necessity for safeguarding one's principal regardless of interest return and of suggesting that the selection of a diversified list of investments, as opposed to investment in a single security, is a step in that direction?

Q. Would you advise me to invest $2,500 in United States Rubber first preferred stock?

A. The first preferred stock of the United States Rubber Company, of which there is $61,722,220 outstanding, has behind it $36,000,000 common and $403,600 second preferred. With the exception of a lapse to 4½ per cent in 1904 and an increase to 9 per cent in 1905, 8 per cent dividends have been paid since 1903. In 1917 the preferred dividends were earned nearly four times over, and at the end of that year the total adjusted surplus was reported as $31,891,207.

THE ADVENTURES OF ARNOLD ADAIR

MANY readers of The Outlook will remember with pleasure those interesting stories by Laurence La Tourette Driggs, "The Adventures of Arnold Adair, American Ace," that were published in The Outlook some months ago. These stories, with many additional adventures of Arnold, have been published in book form by Little, Brown & Co., the well-known Boston publishers. It is a handsomely bound volume of over three hundred pages, containing many illustrations from original drawings and photographs, and will make a most attractive Christmas Gift. The retail price of the book is $1.35 net. By special arrangement with the publishers we are able to offer it in combination with a year's subscription to The Outlook at the special price of $4.35 for the book and the subscription. Only a limited number of volumes are available for this offer, which will be withdrawn when our present supply is exhausted.

Fill out the accompanying order form and return to us at once with remittance of $4.35; we will extend your subscription for one year, whatever the present date of expiration may now be, and "The Adventures of Arnold Adair" will be sent to you immediately, carefully protected from damage in transit, all charges prepaid. This offer also applies to a new subscription, but does not apply in the case of subscriptions sent through agents.

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
381 Fourth Ave., New York

I enclose Four Dollars and Thirty-five Cents, for which please send me "The Adventures of Arnold Adair," all charges prepaid, and enter my subscription to The Outlook for one year (or renew for one year from present date of expiration), in accordance with the terms of your special offer.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

BY THE WAY

A hospital orderly, so a Canadian subscriber writes, startled his patients the other day by informing them that President Wilson was a funny man: he was going to dress up in the Kaiser's uniform and take a German warship and go over that way to attend the Peace Conference! The explanation followed shortly; the man had read a news item to the effect that President Wilson would travel to Europe *in the Kaiser's suite*, on a former German vessel, etc.

"Some years ago we had in school a very rollicking and mischievous boy from South Carolina," says the editor of the "Industrial Student." "He was a bright fellow, but too active for us. When he went to the colored Methodist church and stole the preacher's gaudy reading-lamp, I washed my hands of him. At a later commencement he came to report! He brought a record from a cotton-mill which was truly amazing. Then he became the manager of a large bonded warehouse in Georgia. Now you must address him as 'First Sergeant —— ——, Somewhere in France.' There was that in him which would not down."

An indication of Japan's good will toward the United States is seen in the establishment of a scholarship of $500 in Honolulu, Hawaii, for promoting a better understanding between the two countries. The winner of the scholarship this year is Nobuo Ishida, and, under the supervision of a committee including Marquis Okuma, he will have the privilege of studying four years in the United States in the college of his choice.

Every man in the service, says an Army contributor to "Judge," "knows the possible results of a typhoid serum injection. They can therefore understand why Private Tubbs was moaning and groaning instead of snoring. Finally some of the less patient ones whom he was keeping awake began to direct remarks toward his cot: "Shut up down there!" "Somebody put a muffler on that lily-livered roughneck!" and the like. "Fellows," responded the sufferer, pathetically, "I'm a sick man. I'm telling you—there's been many a man died feeling better than I do!"

A patriotic convict in the Florence, Arizona, penitentiary writes that he has a claim to priority in regard to the slogan "unconditional surrender." "On June 10," he says, "I wrote two letters, one to the 'Inland Printer,' Chicago, and the other to the 'American Printer,' New York, as an appeal for the adoption of similar slogans." These letters, he states, were reproduced in facsimile by the magazines. "However," he adds, "the editor of The Outlook deserves all the credit, for it was his editorial which fertilized the movement."

A correspondent notes that in the article "The American Tax-Gatherer," in The Outlook of October 23, p. 291, the statement, "A very small fraction of the population, 1-4626, or about one-fifth of one per cent, possesses more than one-quarter of all the wealth," should read "*one-fiftieth* of one per cent." This, of course, makes the writer's point about the unequal distribution of wealth still more emphatic.

An odd story comes from one of America's foremost art dealers. In London recently he found that a picture by Quentin Matsys, the Flemish blacksmith-painter, had been sold at Christie's to a restorer for

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By the Way (Continued)

$1,000. He looked the man up and inquired the price of the painting. The restorer asked $50,000! The dealer told him this was too high a profit on $1,000, and offered $35,000, which was refused. A few days later the dealer returned, willing to give the $50,000, but found that the picture had meanwhile been sold to a collector for that sum. "I am very bullish," concluded the dealer, "on the outlook in the art business, both here and in Europe."

A moot point in English grammar is discussed in "Expressive English," by James C. Fernald. Shall we say,

"The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but *he* had fled,"

or,

"Whence all but *him* had fled"?

The line, says Dr. Fernald, is printed differently in different editions of the poet's works that seem of equal authority. "Some one," he says, "has edited it. But which way? ... At all events, the present tendency is to treat *but* in such use as a conjunction, taking the same case after it as before it:

"No one escaped the wreck but *he*;
The wreck was fatal to all but *him*."

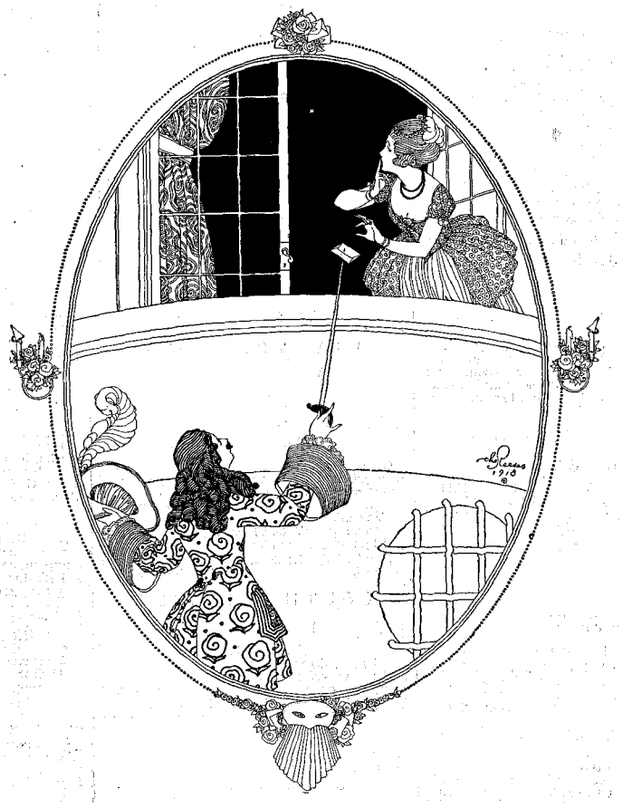
Here is a hint to artists who aim for popular appreciation: A man and his wife, the story goes, visited the Louvre in Paris. "What struck you most among the pictures?" a friend asked after their return home. "Oh," replied the man, "a painting that represented Adam and Eve, with the apple and the serpent." "Yes," chimed in the wife; "we found that very interesting, because, you see, we know the anecdote."

Women are supposed to care little, as a rule, for the kind of humor exhibited in making puns, but the "People's Home Journal" credits this punning retort to the heroine of the dialogue: "He: 'My ideal of a wife is one who can make good bread.' She: 'My ideal of a husband is one who can raise the dough in the hour of knead.'"

Apropos of the above joke is the answer to the often asked question as to the origin of "doughboys." Our soldiers are so called because their boss is a Baker and our allies needed them!

The sensitiveness of theatrical stars to their place on the posters that make their presence known to the public is illustrated by a paragraph in the "Dramatic Mirror." "Frisco," a jazz dancer of vaudeville fame, appears with Lorette McDermott in his specialty. Frisco wanted to have his act billed, "assisted by Lorette McDermott." The young woman pointed out that this made her out a mere hired hand, whereas the word "with" would recognize her as a "performer" having an integral part in the act. She had her way and the posters now read "Frisco WITH Lorette McDermott."

The war correspondents who indulge in lurid rhetoric must hate to have their finest flights broken up by the unnerving reference to the page farthest back among the advertisements. Listen to "Collier's" man at the front tell about the barrage fire: "It was eighteen or twenty miles of ammunition factories exploding all together and incessantly. It was the craters of the world's greatest volcanoes strung along in a line and all in violent eruption. It was a strip of the literal hell of legend from which the lid had been lifted. It was a sea of flame, and on that fiery sea a storm was raging. Great waves of *(Continued on page 42)*."



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Those who conform to the usages of good form and good taste select one of the several styles.

Usable samples sent on request for twenty-five cents

EATON, CRANE & PIKE CO.
New York Pittsfield, Mass.

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"Want" advertisements, under the various headings, "Board and Rooms," "Help Wanted," etc., ten cents for each word or initial, **including the address, for each insertion.** The first word of each "Want" advertisement is set in capital letters without additional charge. Other words may be set in capitals, if desired, at double rates. If answers are to be addressed in care of The Outlook, **twenty-five cents** is charged for the box number named in the advertisement. Replies will be forwarded by us to the advertiser and bill for postage rendered. Special headings appropriate to the department may be arranged for on application.

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CONNECTICUT

Wayside Inn NEW MILFORD Litchfield Co., Conn.
The foothills of the Berkshires. A restful place for tired people. Good food and a comfortable home. 2 hours from New York. $14 a week and up. Booklet A.
Mrs. J. E. CASTLE, *Proprietor.*

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DAYTONA, FLORIDA
Ideal Winter Resort

PALMETTO HOTEL
has best location, whole block waterfront, own dock, bathing, boating, fishing, hunting, golf, etc. $4.00 per day. Excellent cooked meals. Special weekly or season rates. Booklet A.

HAVEN BEACH COTTAGES
Restricted residential resort near famous Belleair Golf Links. Auto service to St. Petersburg and Clearwater. Cottages furnished—all city conveniences $300 to $600 for season. Surf Bathing. Boating. Fishing. Sea Foods. Fruits. Tampa Office, Citizens Bank Bldg. St. Petersburg Office, Poinsettia Hotel Bldg. Send for illustrated folder.
Florida Beach Development Co., Box O, Indian Rocks, Fla.

Warm & Sunny in Tampa, Fla. No coal necessary; flowers blooming, boating, fishing, bathing, hundreds of miles wonderful motor roads amid palms and orange groves. Busy, bustling city, amusements, reasonable priced restaurants, hotels. Many opportunities. Write for Booklet "D." Tampa Board of Trade.

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If You Are Tired or Not Feeling Well
you cannot find a more comfortable place in New England than

THE WELDON HOTEL
GREENFIELD, MASS.
It affords all the comforts of home without extravagance.

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HOTEL JUDSON 53 Washington Square
adjoining Judson Memorial Church. *Rooms* with and without bath. Rates $2.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines.

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NEW YORK CITY

Hotel Le Marquis
31st Street & Fifth Avenue
New York
Combines every convenience and home comfort, and commends itself to people of *refinement wishing to live on American Plan* and be within easy reach of social and dramatic centers.
Room and bath $4.50 per day with meals, or $2.50 per day without meals.
Illustrated Booklet gladly sent upon request. JOHN P. TOLSON.

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PINE RIDGE CAMP
Aiken, S. C.
Ideal for outdoor life in winter. Main house and individual cabins. Certified city water. Northern cooking. Rates moderate. Write Miss Georgia E. Crocker or Miss Mary E. Sanborn, Aiken, S.C.

***The* KIRKWOOD**
On Camden Heights
SOUTH CAROLINA
OPEN JANUARY TO MAY.
18-hole Golf, Riding, Climate
T. EDMUND KRUMBHOLZ.

Health Resorts

LINDEN Doylestown, Pa. **The Ideal Place for Sick People to Get Well**
An institution devoted to the personal study and specialized treatment of the invalid. Massage, Electricity, Hydrotherapy. Apply for circular to ROBERT LIPPINCOTT WALTER, M.D. (late of The Walter Sanitarium)

Dr. Reeves' Sanitarium
A Private Home for chronic, nervous, and mental patients. Also elderly people requiring care. Harriet E. Reeves, M.D., Melrose, Mass.

Real Estate

NEW YORK

Rural Life Co. Kinderhook, N. Y.
Offer 134 acre Lake Farm; two houses, barns, wood, and Private Lake. $6,000.

Real Estate

MASSACHUSETTS

FOR SALE—Villa & Farm Berkshire Hills
Twenty acres, two dou[illegible]e houses, town water, near church, schools, steam and electric cars. *Beautiful location for summer residence.* Golf links and tennis court. Electric lights on street. Hinsdale, Mass. T. A. FRISSELL.

Apartments

Wanted, in N. Y. City by 2 ladies, January and February, furnished apartment. Two or three rooms, bath, kitchenette. Below 72d St. 9,233, Outlook.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

COPLEY CRAFT CHRISTMAS CARDS. Hand-colored, with specially appropriate verses. Sent on approval. Consignments for sales. Discounts to those selling among friends. Jessie A. McNicol, 18 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

WOMEN WORKERS (executives, social workers, nurses, office stenographers and *clerks, housekeepers, etc.*). *Whole and part* time. References investigated. Central Branch Y. W. C. A., 610 Lexington Ave., New York. Plaza 10,100.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

SUPERINTENDENTS, secretaries, governesses, matrons, dietitians, mothers' helpers, companions, etc. The Wilton Exchange, Box 270, St. Joseph, Michigan.

WANTED—Refined woman as companion to girl of 4. References required. Mrs. J. R. Sanford, Cornwall, Conn.

YOUNG girl as mother's helper and to care for seventeen month old child. Experience not necessary. Write, giving full particulars, 6,432, Outlook.

WANTED—Mother's helper in large family located near Philadelphia, Pa. In reply *state references and salary.* 6,433, *Outlook.*

MOTHER'S HELPER and companion needed immediately, experienced with young children. Good salary for satisfactory person. Convenient to New York City. Mrs. Pierpont E. Dutcher, 105 Edgemont Road, Upper Montclair, N. J.

Teachers and Governesses

GOVERNESSES, matrons, mothers' helpers, cafeteria managers, dietitians. Miss Richards, Box 5, *East Side Station, Providence.* Boston, 16 Jackson Hall, Trinity Court, Thursdays, 11 to 1.

GOVERNESS to take entire charge of two girls, 9 and 6. One who has had previous experience and who can play piano and give preliminary instruction. State reference, age, and salary expected. 6,417, Outlook.

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools and colleges. Send for bulletin. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N.Y.

WANTED in New Haven, Conn., young gentlewoman as governess for boys three and six. American, English, or French acceptable. When replying please give nationality, age, experience, references, and photograph. 6,428, Outlook.

INQUIRIES already coming in for teachers in all subjects for 1919. Internatic..al Musical and Educational Agency, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

COMPETENT woman will act as private secretary to someone doing special research or literary work. Would go South for winter or abroad. 6,429, Outlook.

CULTURED, congenial young woman as social secretary; adaptable in many ways; with references. 6,435, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

SUPERINTENDENCY or other position in boys' corrective institution desired by trained teacher and physical director, soon to be released from Navy. Ten years' successful experience. Raymond W. Noon, U. S. S. Pocahontas, care Postmaster, New York City.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—*Suitable and responsible* position by refined woman. Executive and organizing ability. Experience as business manager *and buyer, hotel and club manager.* Good housekeeper and companionable. 6,427, Outlook.

REFINED American woman desires position as companion. Would care for semi-invalid. Registered nurse. Best references. Box 554, Amherst, Mass.

MISCELLANEOUS

PARENTS—The son of the man who established *Southern Pines and made possible* Pinehurst is to establish a most practical boys' permanent winter and summer camp. *Instruction in every line that is necessary to* turn into the business world perfect men. This man by training fitted himself to carry out a great work. Parents who want their sons to get the best of life write James C. Patrick, Judge Advocate, U. S. Court Martial, Washington Barracks, Washington, D. C.

CHRISTIAN Scientist, able to help sick or unhappy people, desires position chaperon and visiting companion, vicinity Philadelphia. Young lady, educated, pleasing personality; *lover books, music, children, theater, outdoor* life, horseback-riding. Splendid companion, reader; experienced secretary. Object monetary. *Only persons means apply. Would* manage gentleman's (preferably writer's) country home where help kept. Highest references. 6,425, Outlook.

PATRIOTISM by Lyman Abbott, also 4 verses of America—The Pledge to the Flag—2 verses of The Star-Spangled Banner, all in a little leaflet. Further the cause of Patriotism by distributing in your letters, in pay envelopes, in schools, churches, clubs, and social gatherings. 200 sent prepaid for 30 cents. Arthur M. Morse, Montclair, N. J.

GIRL, eighteen, needs money to attend school. Will pay back when through. Please write 6,410, Outlook.

WILL someone share their apartment, studio, or house with young woman? References exchanged. 6,424, Outlook.

MINIATURE artist solicits orders. 6,430, Outlook.

YOUR WANTS IN EVERY LINE

of household, educational, business, or personal service—domestic workers, teachers, nurses, business or professional assistants, etc., etc.—whether you require help or are seeking a situation, may be filled through a little announcement in the CLASSIFIED COLUMNS OF THE OUTLOOK. If you have some article to sell or exchange, these *columns may prove* of real value to you as they have to many others. Send for descriptive circular and order blank AND FILL YOUR WANTS. Address

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